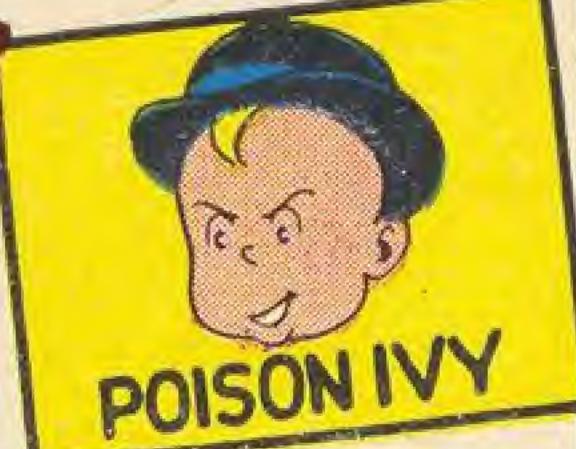




SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

# FEATURE COMICS

SM  
★  
9

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

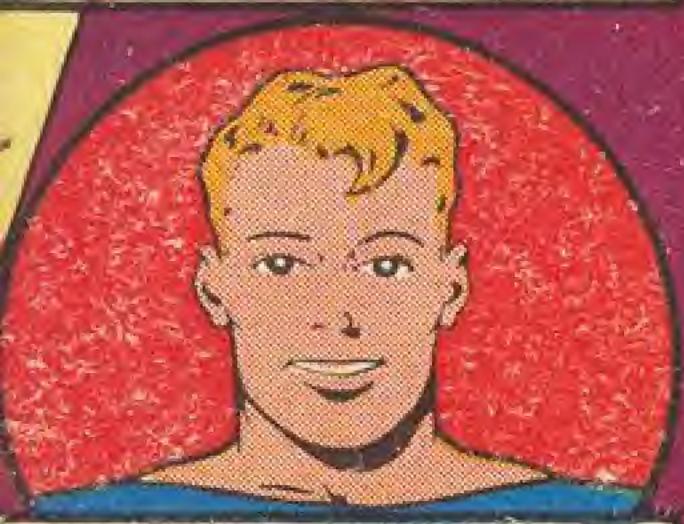
SEPTEMBER  
No. 114

*The* **DOLL MAN**  
*meets*  
**TOM THUMB**,  
a menace his own  
size!

10¢



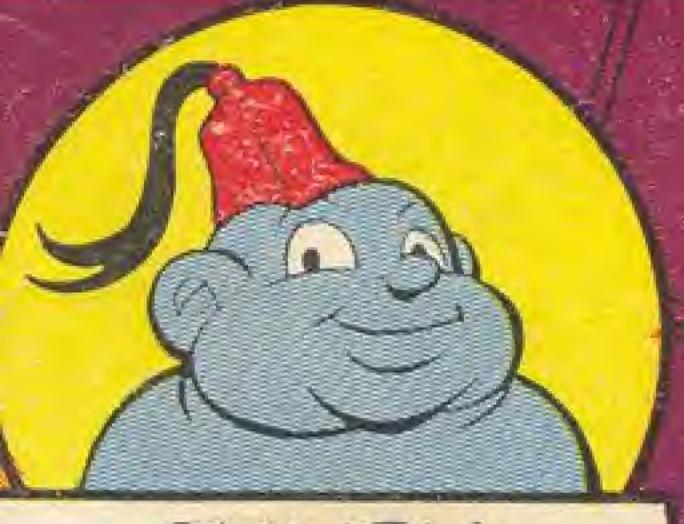
LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY

FAMOUS TRIALS  
ELIMINATING CRIME



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

Let me PROVE  
I can make YOU  
**TOUGH AS  
TARZAN**

inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says George F. Jowett  
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

"The Jowett System  
is the greatest in the  
world!" says R. F. Kelly,  
Physical Director  
Atlantic City.

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Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

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ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN  
THEIR FOOTSTEPS!**



A. PASSAMONT. Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



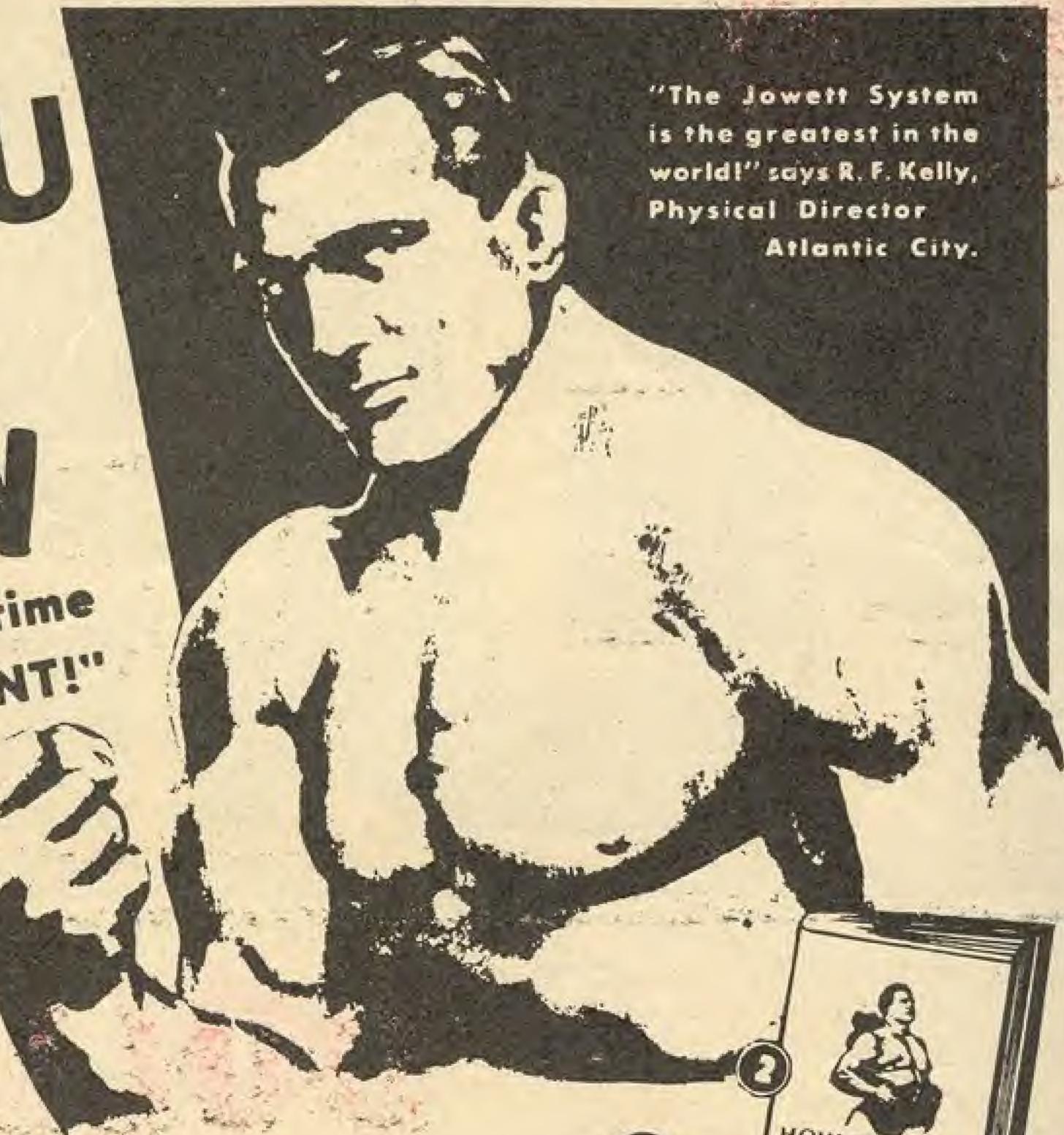
REX. FERRIS. Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

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PHOTO BOOK OF  
FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.



**FREE!**



BUILD A BODY  
YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW in BOOK FORM  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

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Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



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DEPT. Q-79

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All 5 Picture Courses complete for 25c which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment  Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c  
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 Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D.

NAME ..... AGE .....

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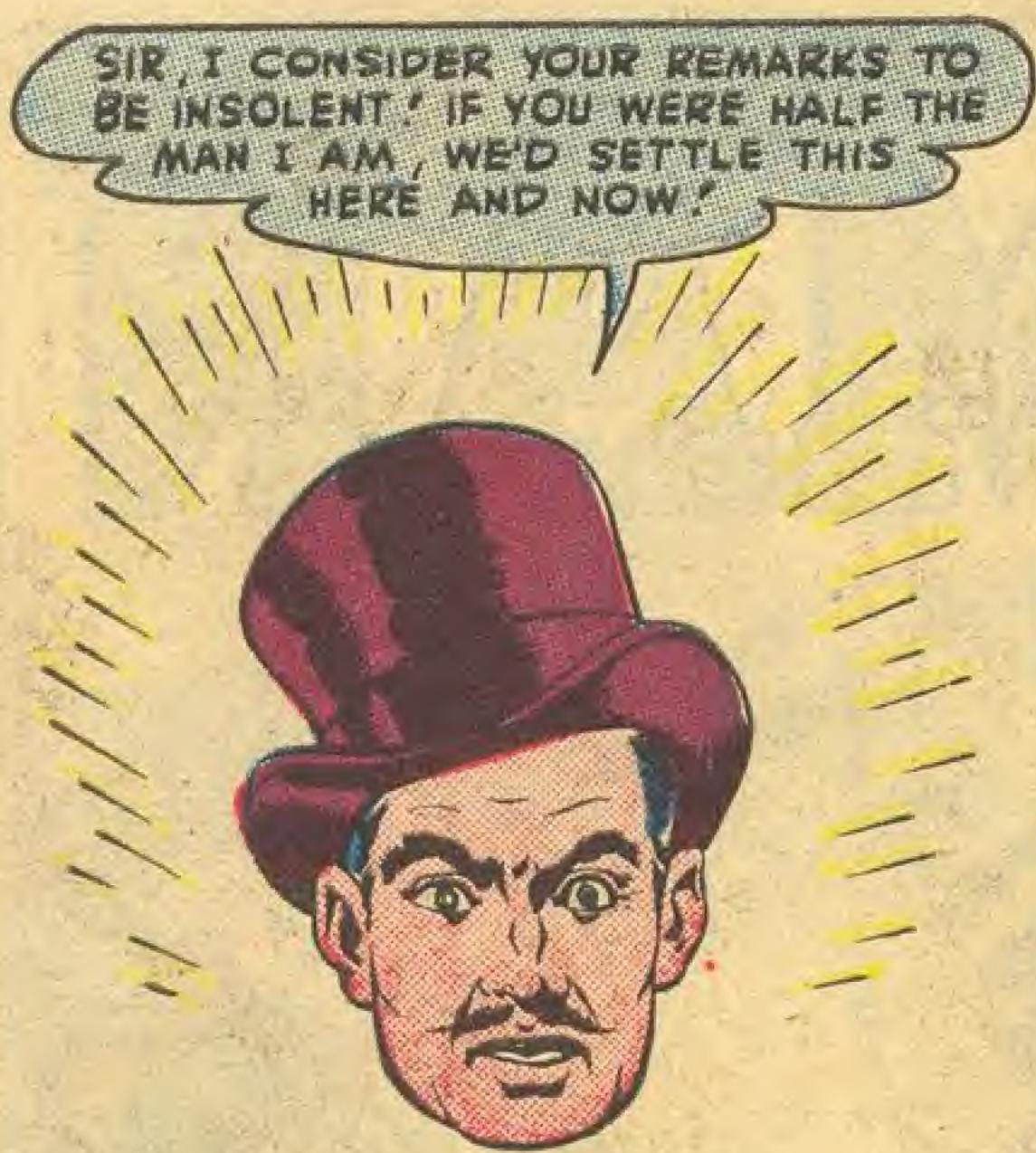
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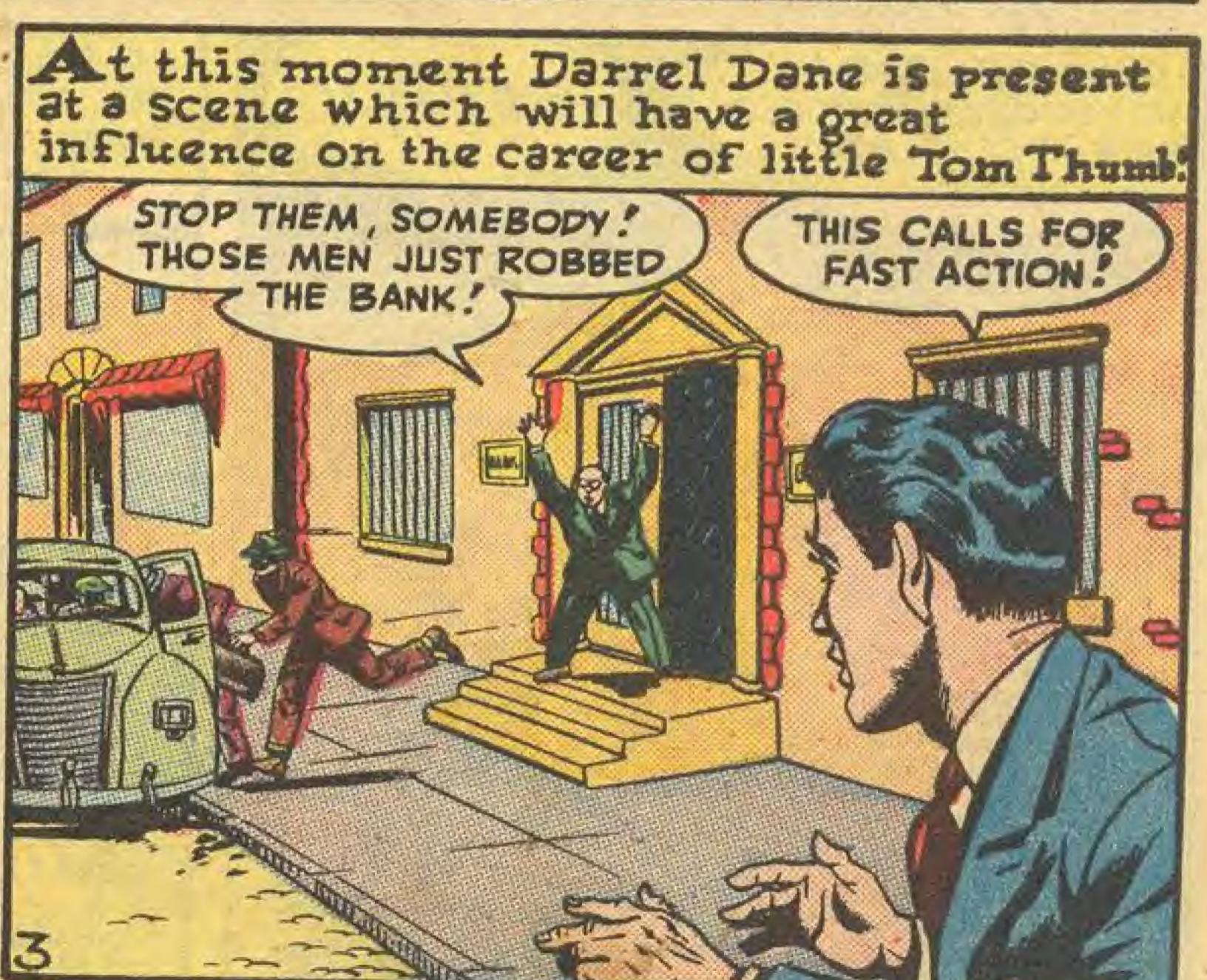
# The DOLL MAN



FEATURE COMICS

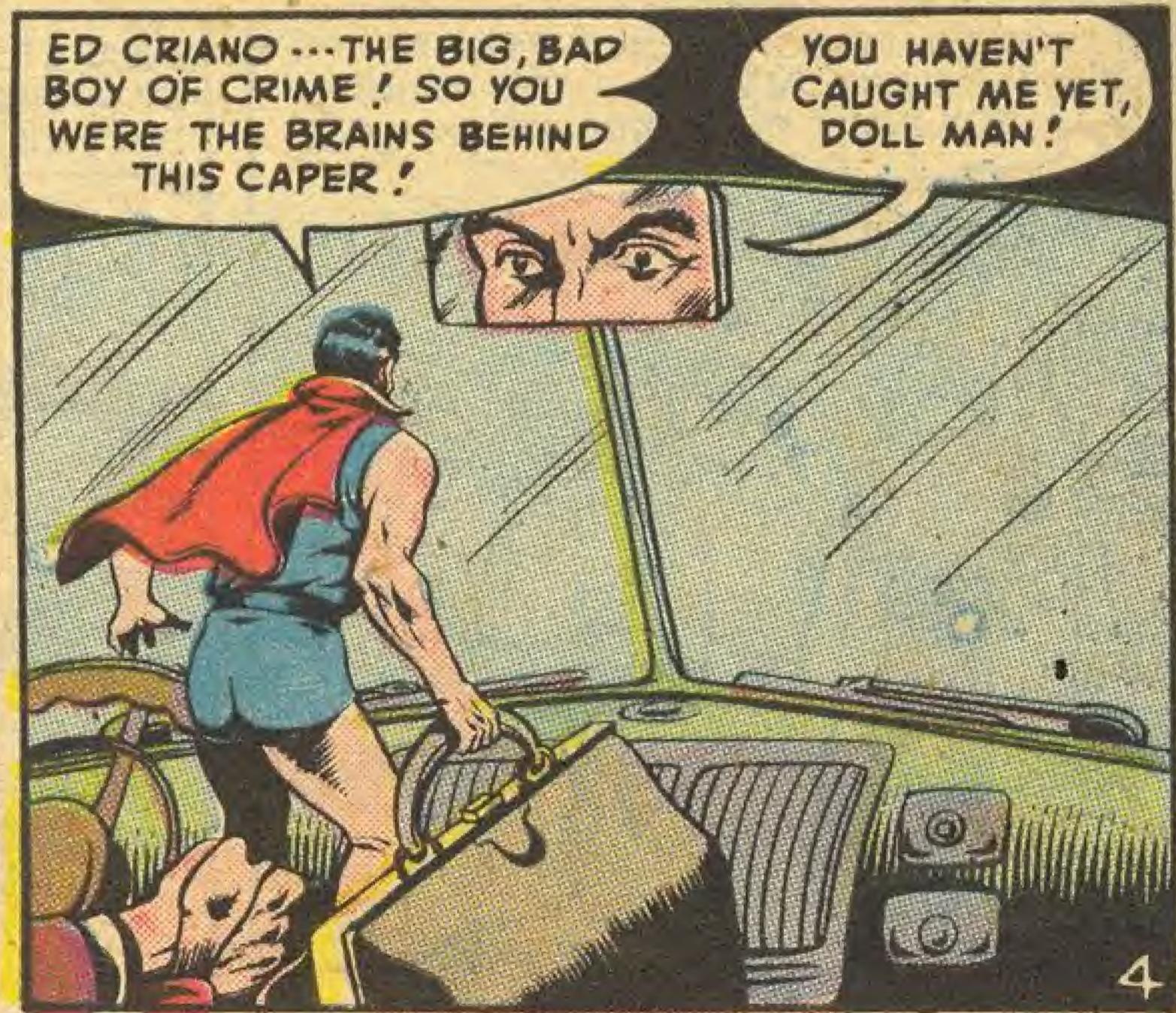
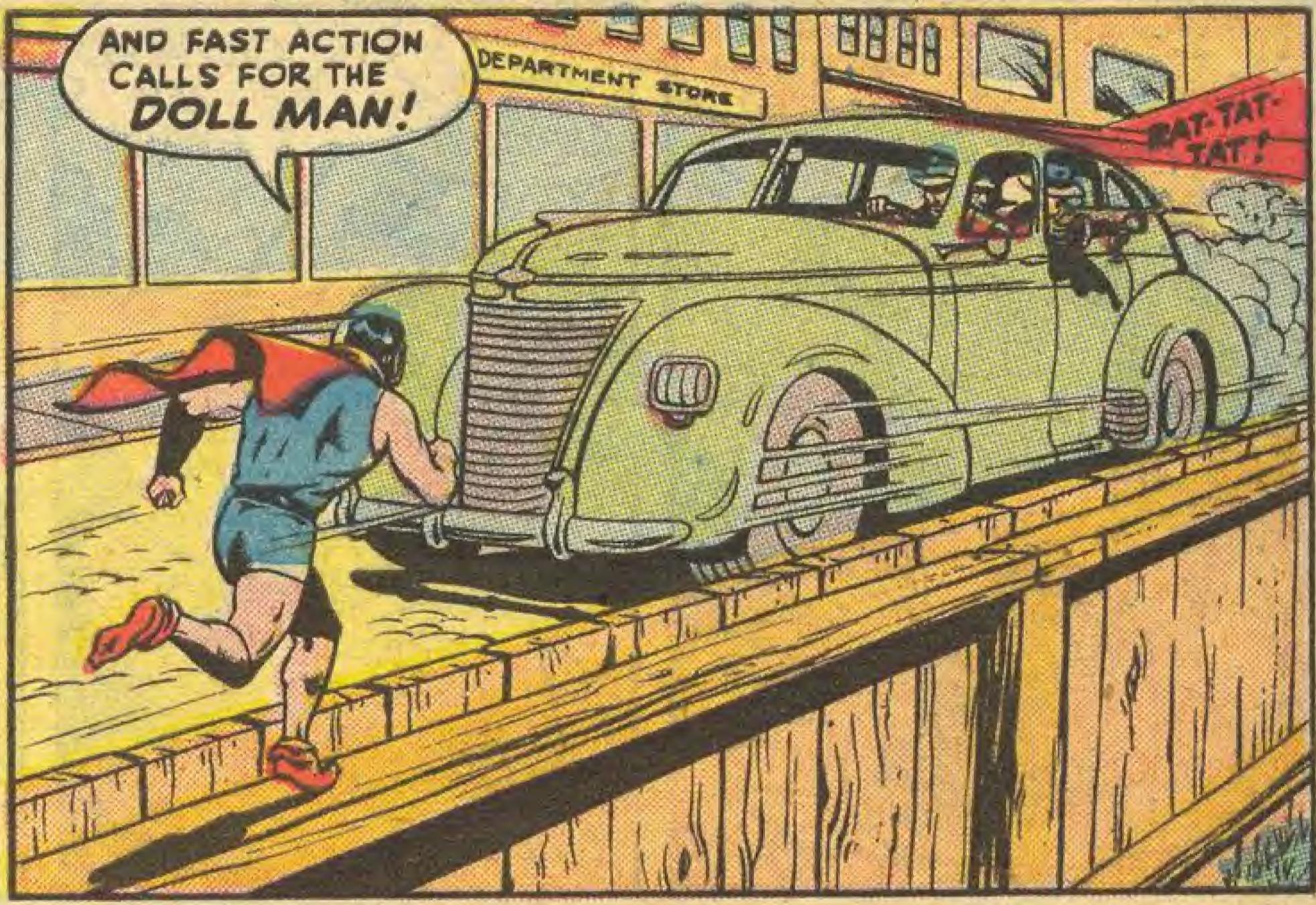


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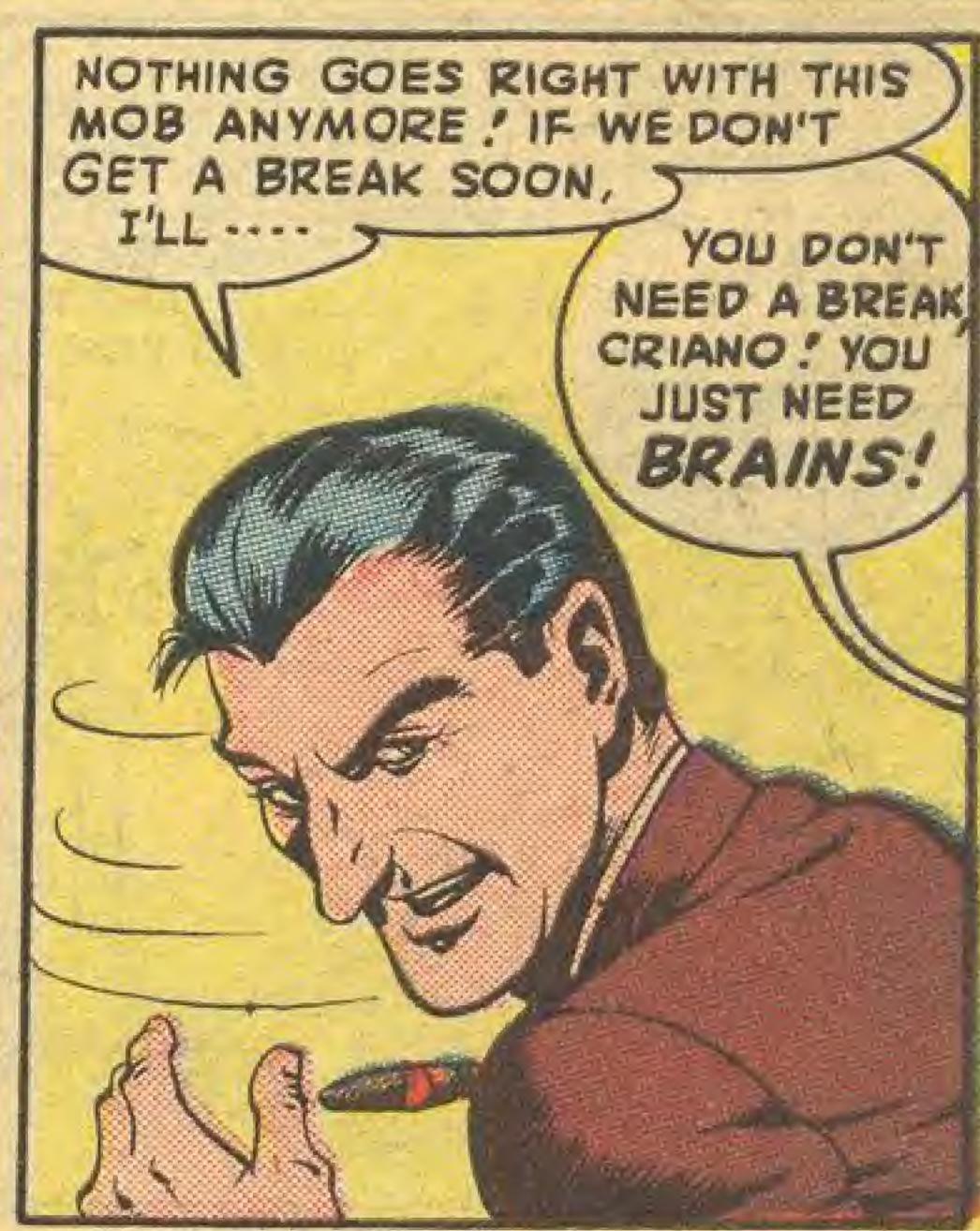


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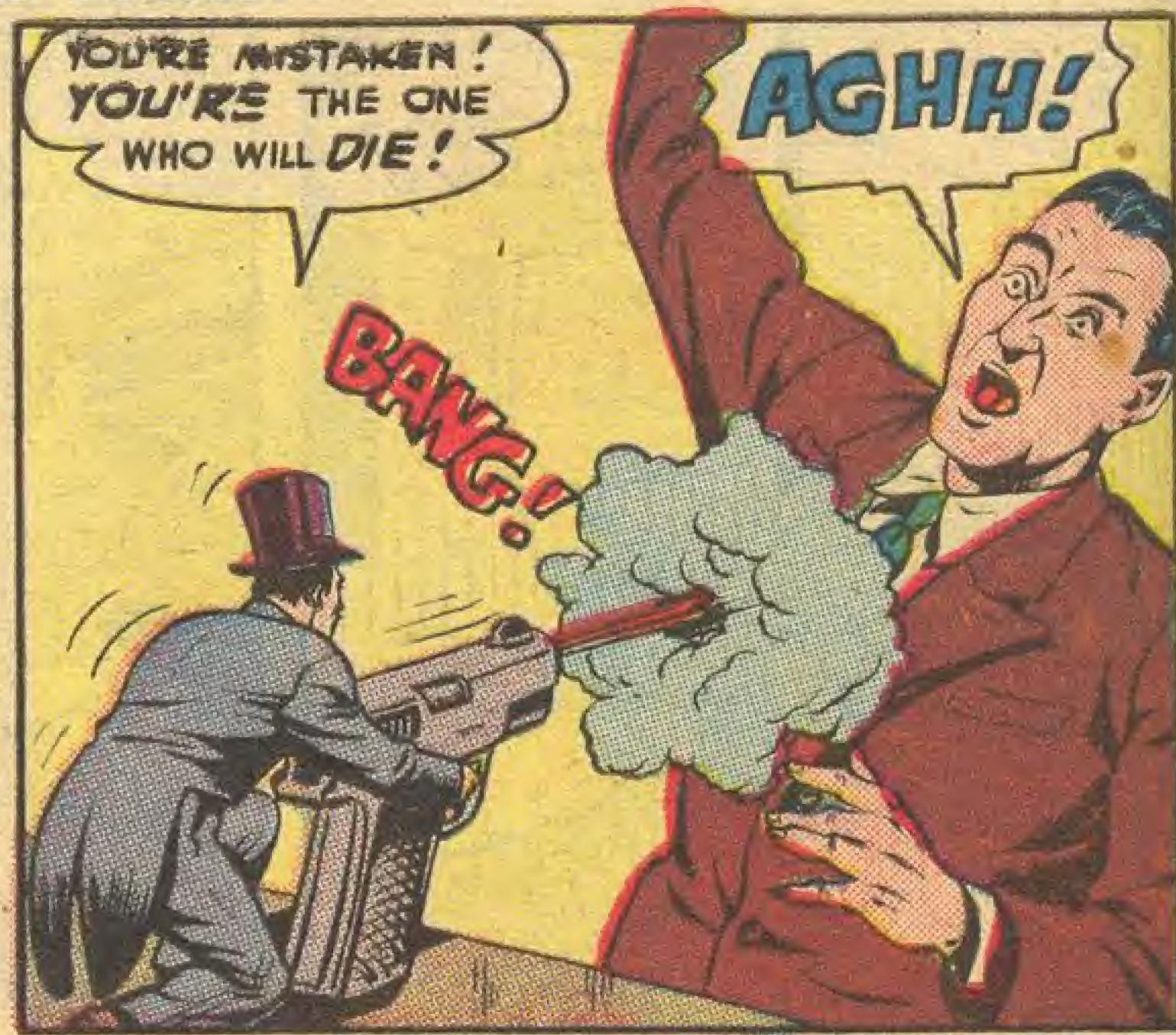
Darrel Dane possesses the unique ability of condensing the molecules of his body to form the dynamic DOLL MAN!



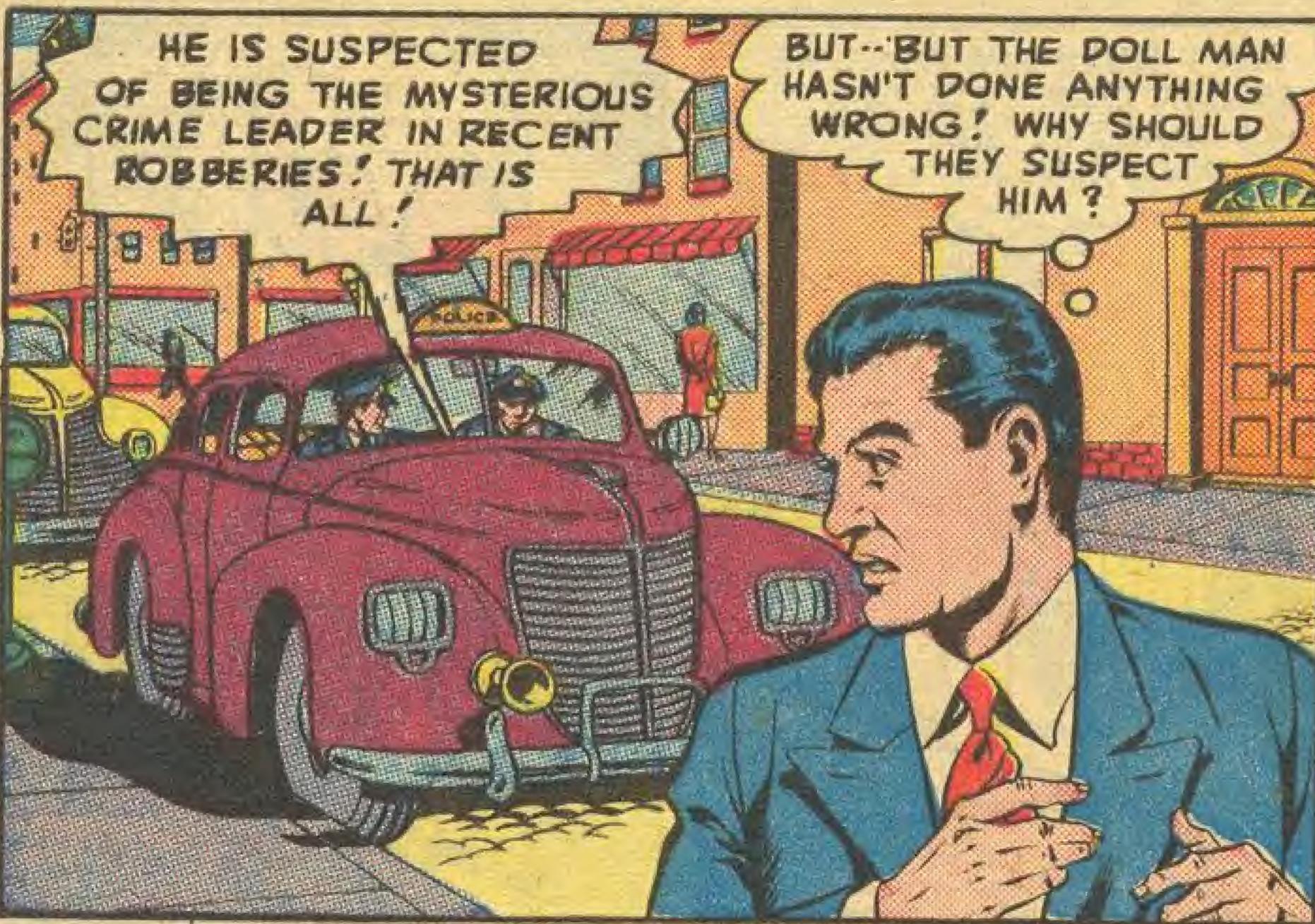
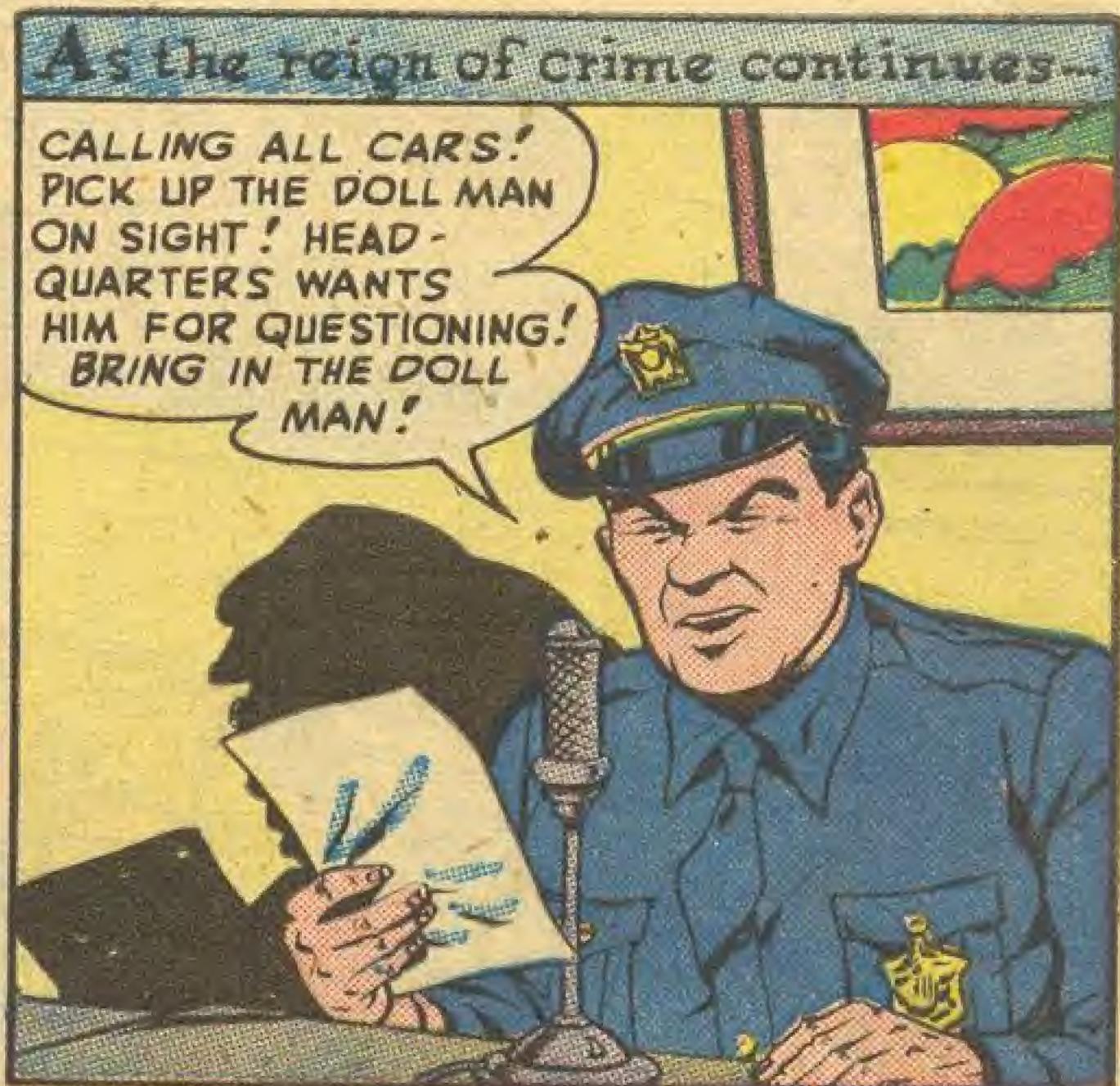
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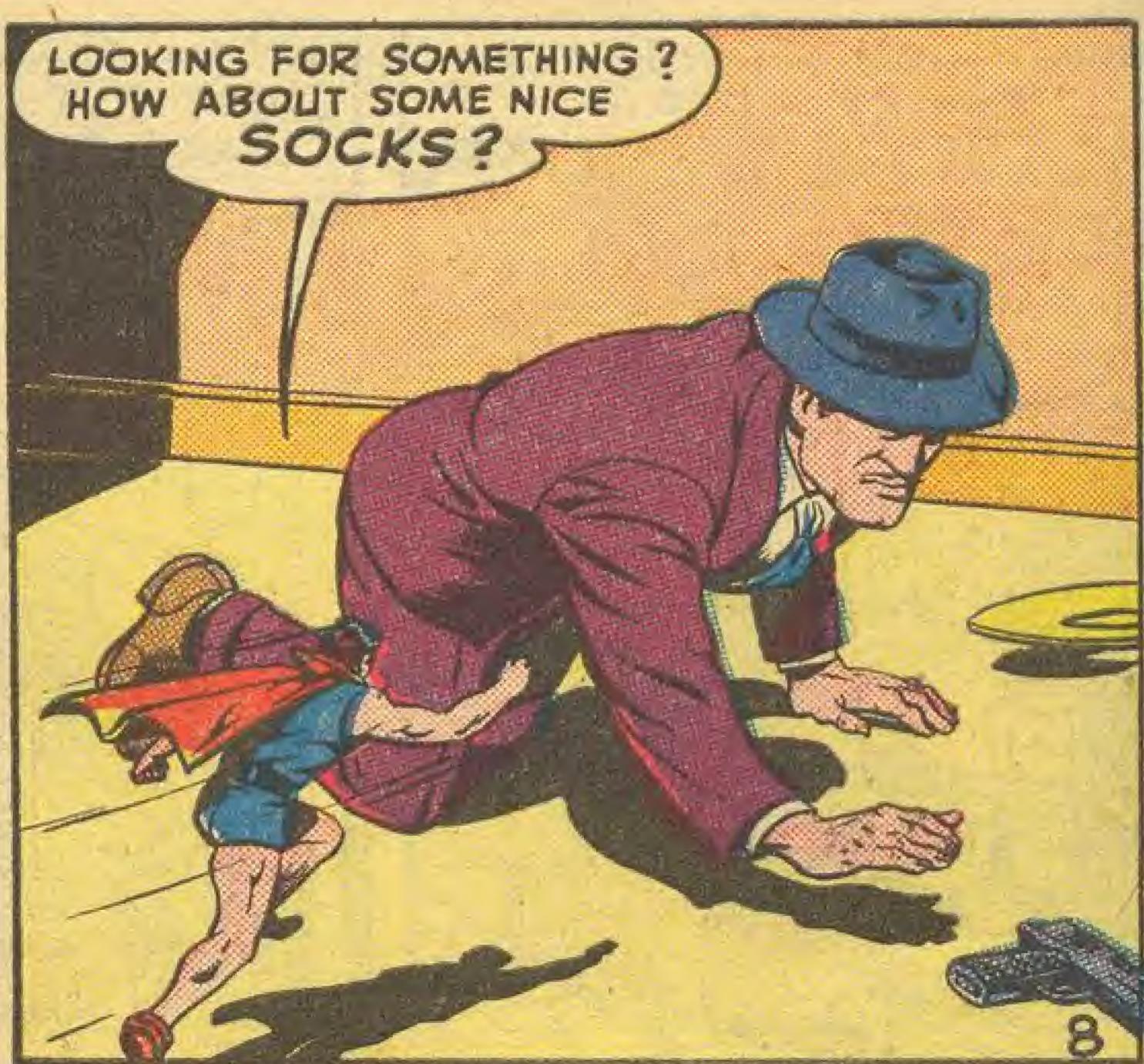
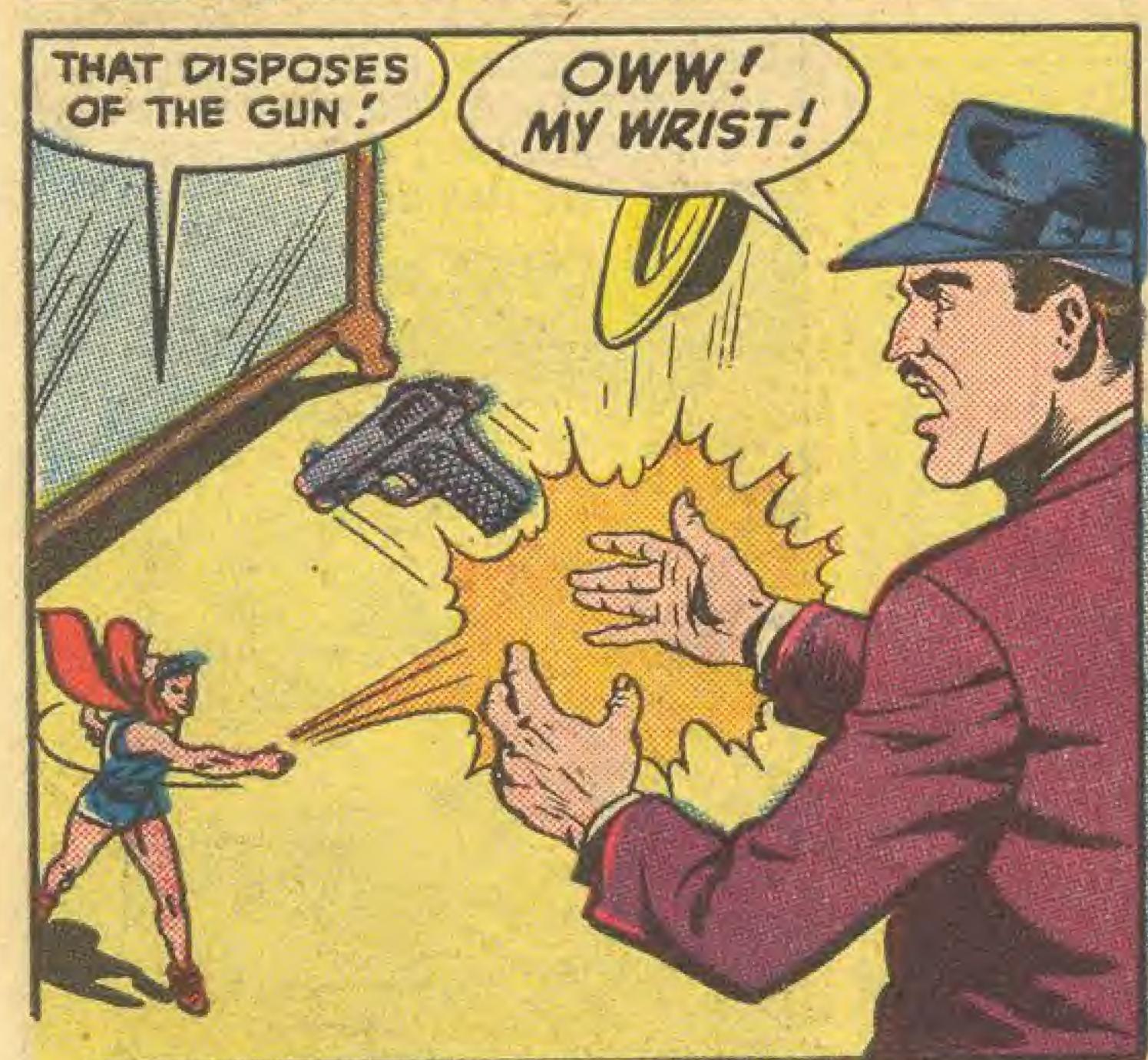
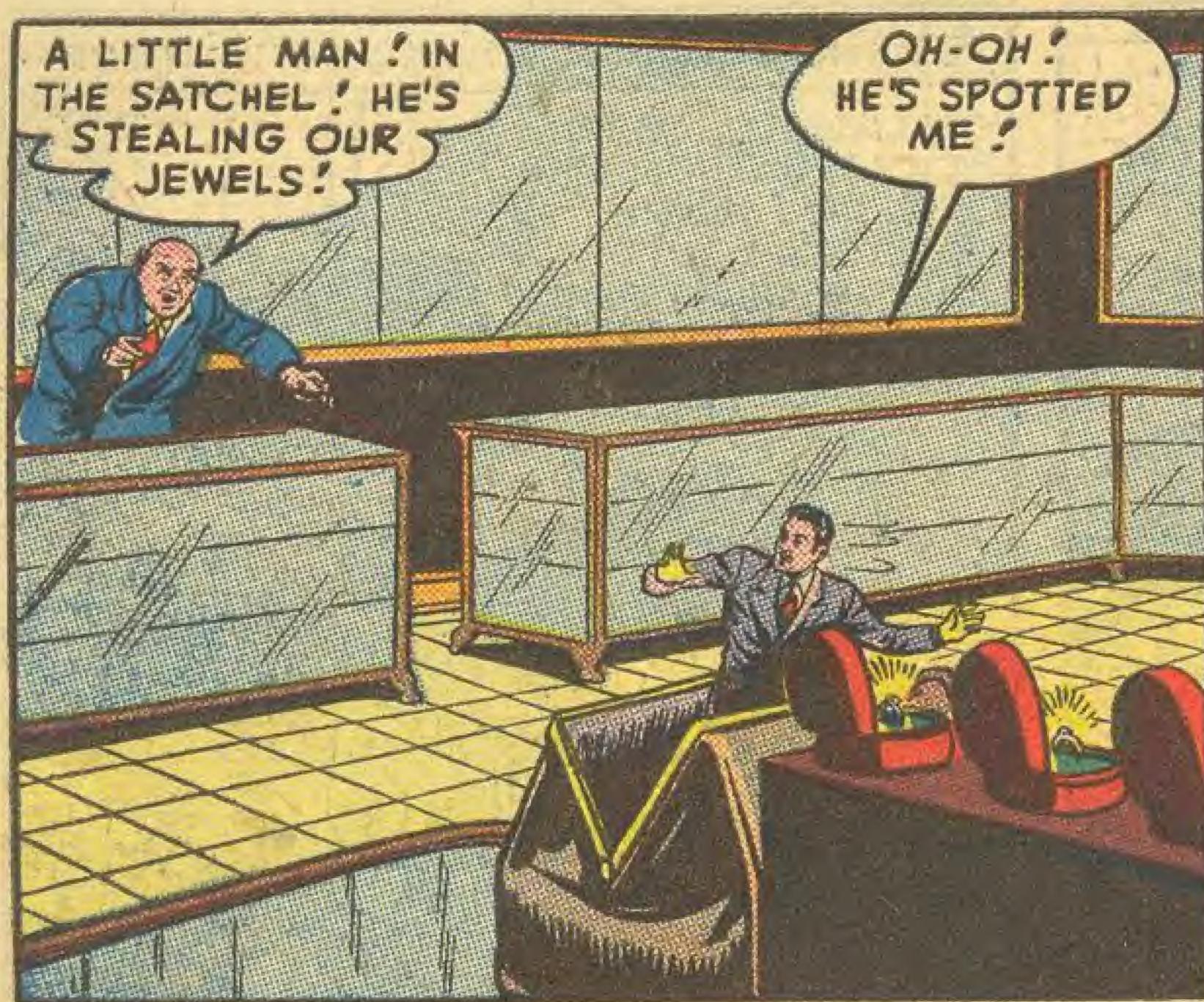
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



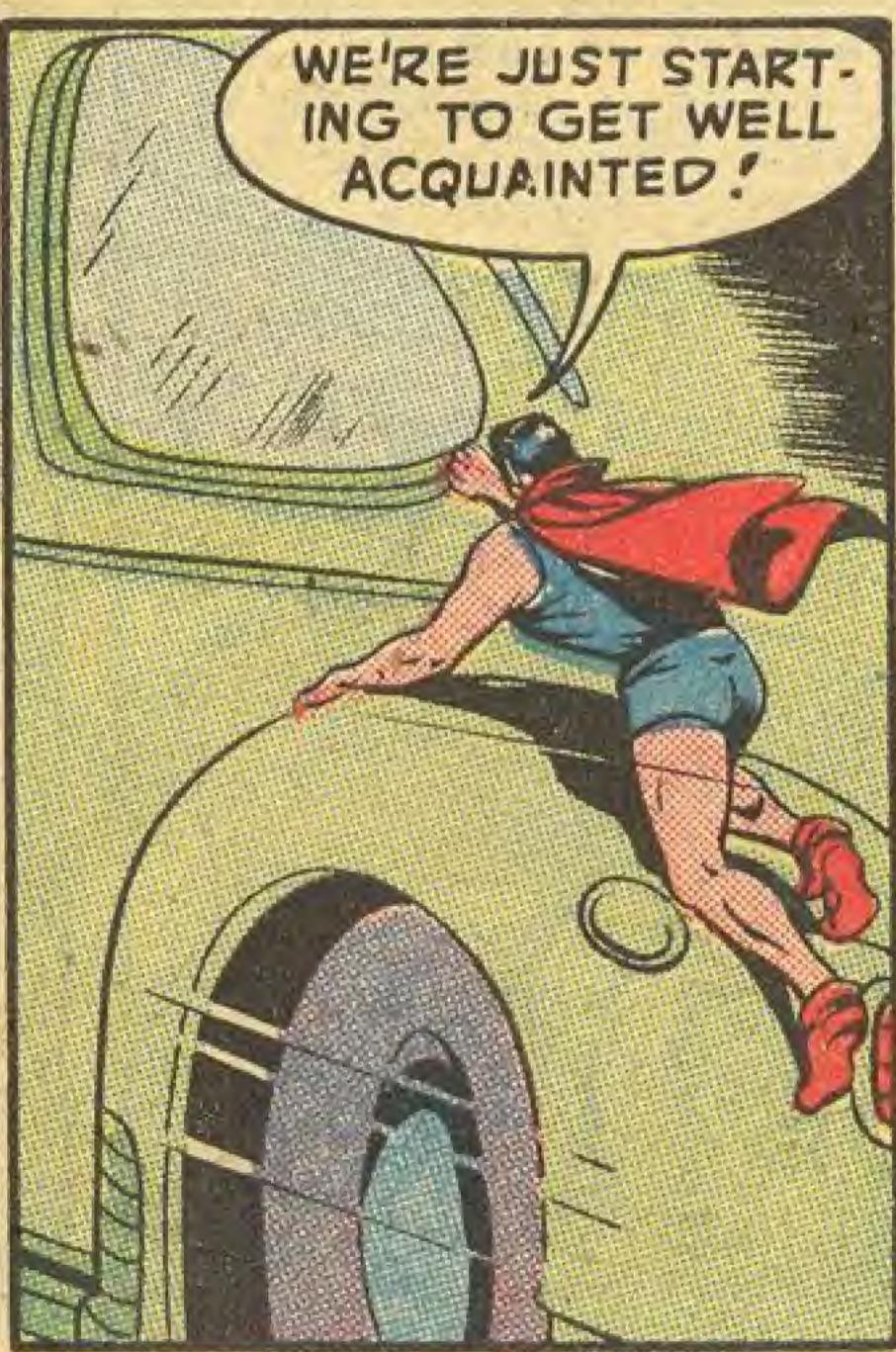
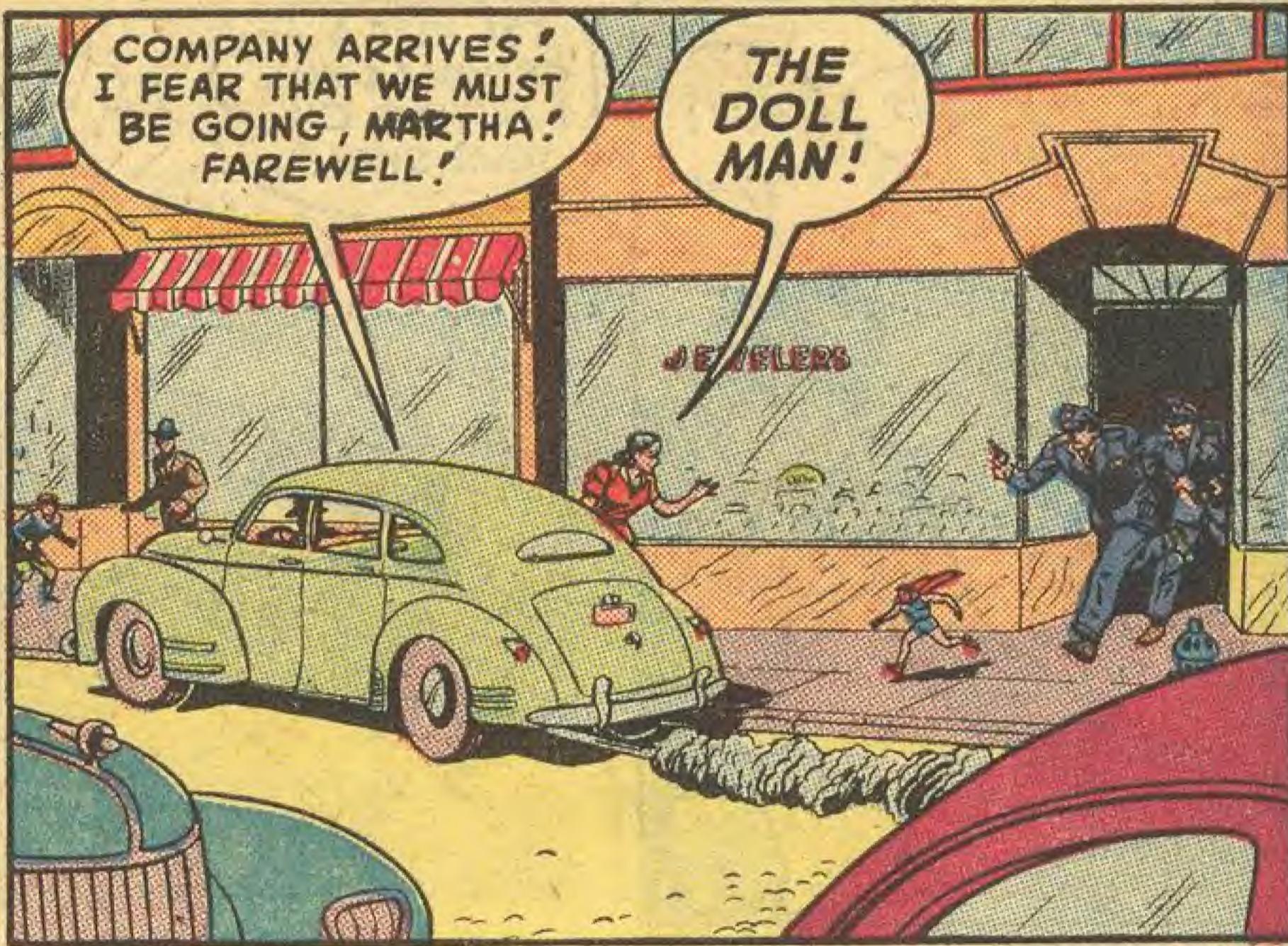
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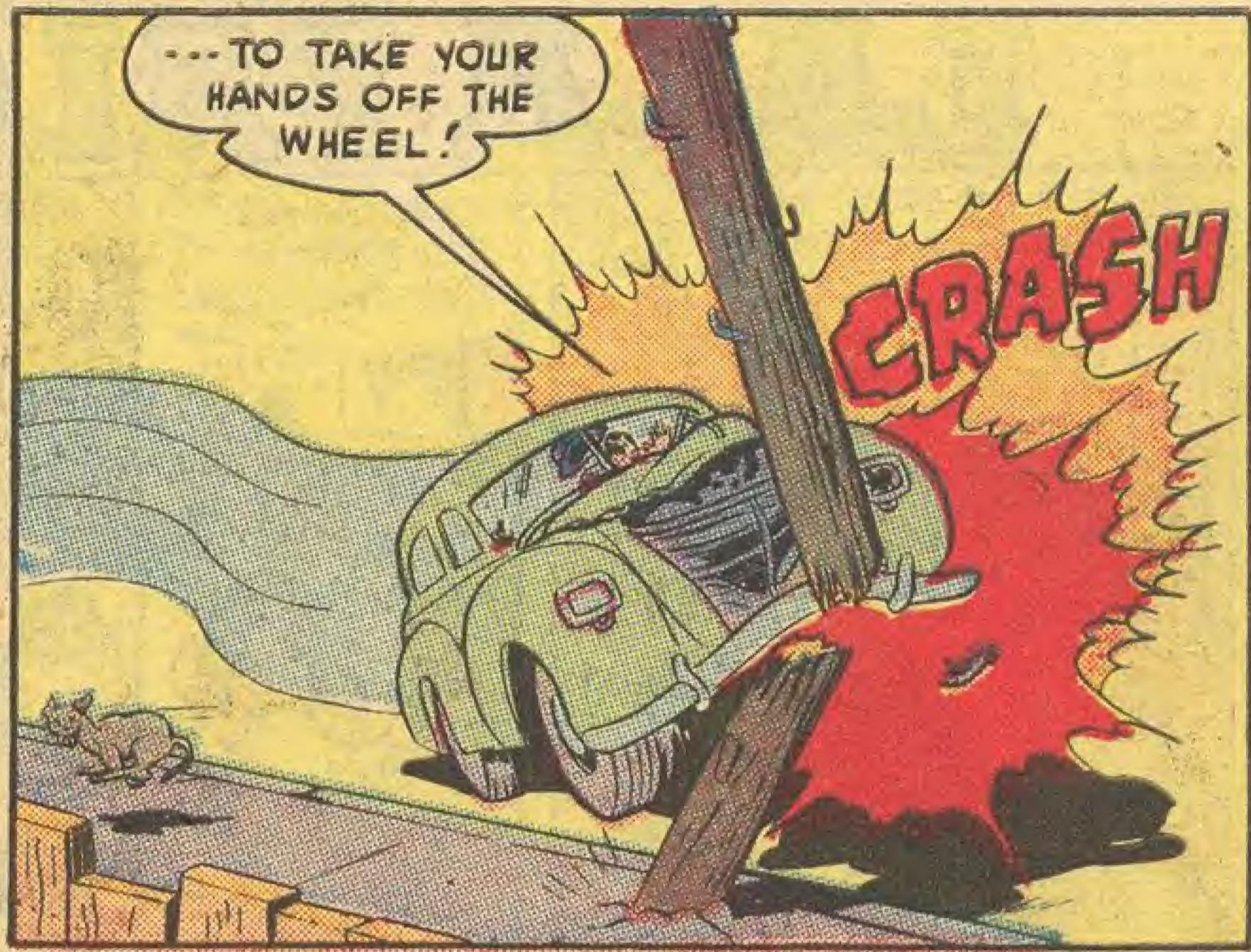
FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS

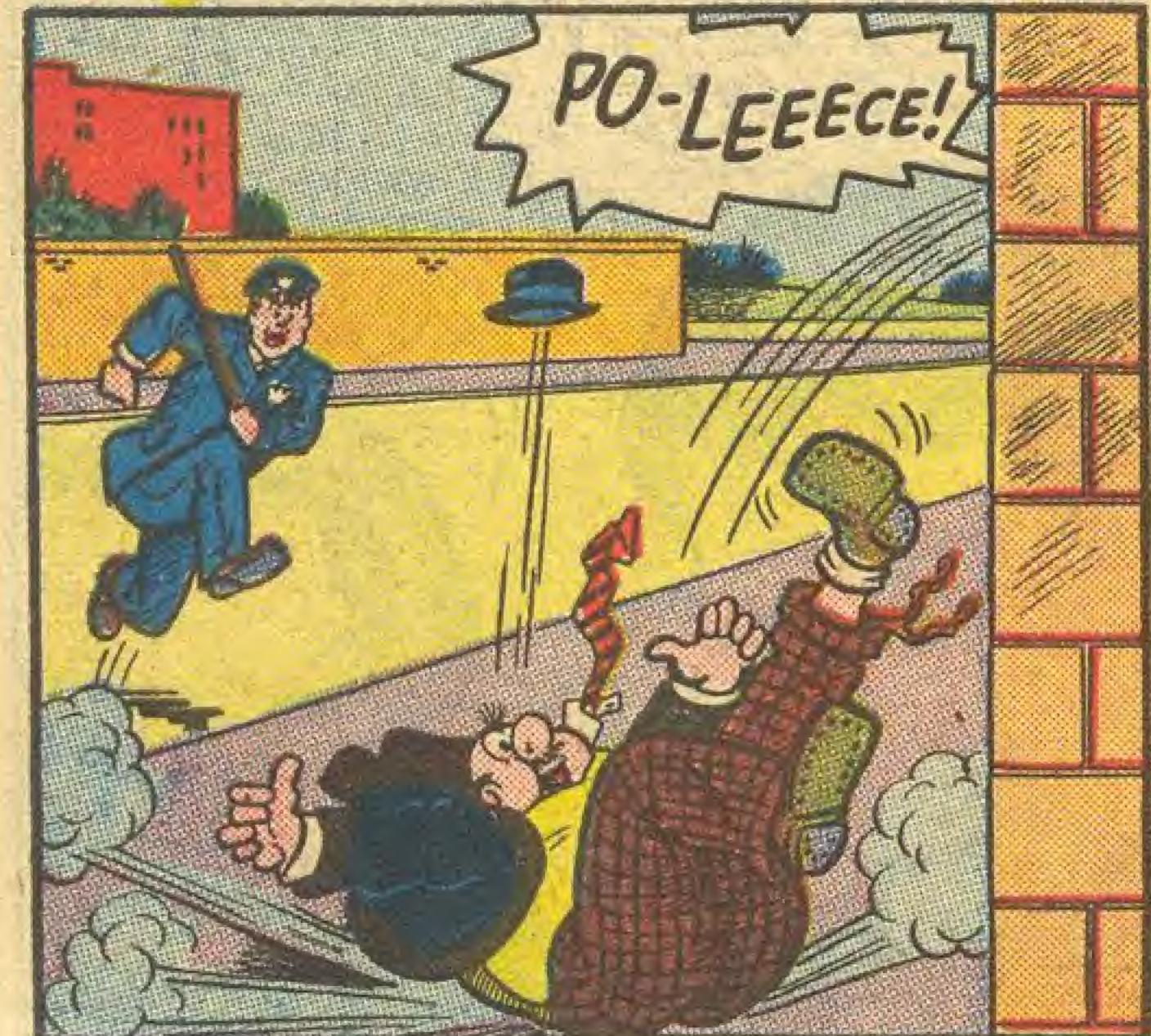
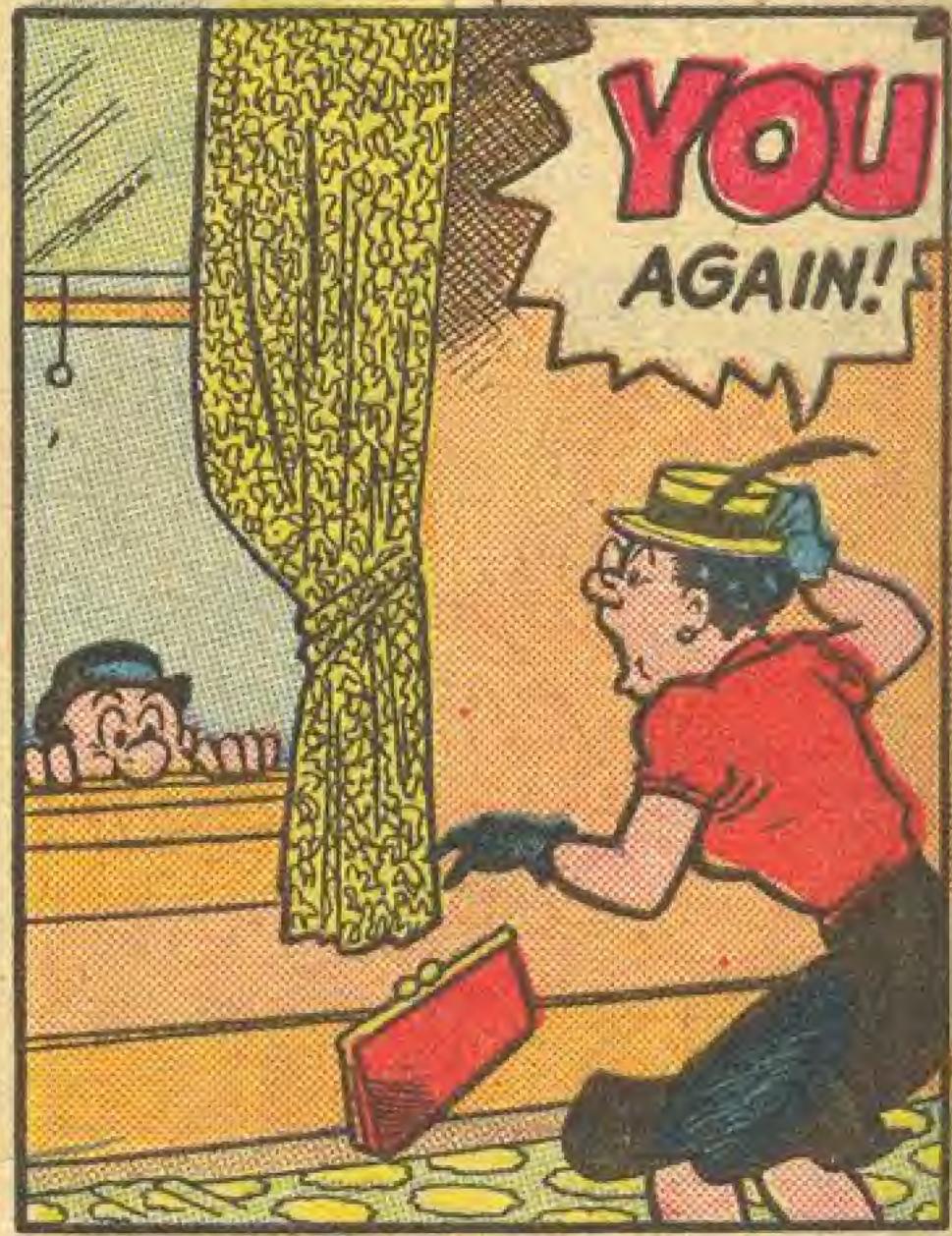


FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

# LALA PALOOZA



FEATURE COMICS

# LALA PALOOZA

Y'MEAN THAT'S  
P.Z. KUSHLY,  
THE BIG  
MOVIE MAGNATE?

YUP, AND HIS  
WHOLE  
SUCCESS  
DATES FROM  
THE DAY HE  
FIRST MET  
**BUGBRAIN  
BOOLY!**



BUGBRAIN  
BOOLY,  
THE BIG  
MOVIE  
COMEDIAN?

YUP, WOTTA GUY...  
BUGBRAIN! HE'D  
DO ANYTHING  
FOR A LAUGH...  
HE'D DIVE RIGHT  
INTO A POOL OF  
MUD WITH A  
DRESS SUIT ON,  
JUST FOR A  
GAG!



MATTER OF FACT,  
THAT'S JUST HOW  
HE ATTRACTED  
KUSHLY'S ATTENTION  
AND GOT HIMSELF  
A FAT CONTRACT!

DIVED INTO  
MUD WITH  
HIS CLOTHES  
ON, YOU  
SAY?



AHEM!



AND ODD FOLKS  
WITH TALENTS  
LIKE YOURS ALWAYS  
DID APPEAL TO ME!  
I WONDER IF YOU'D  
CARE TO DROP  
OVER AND SEE  
ME LATER!

WOULD  
I? YES,  
SIR!



A BIG MOVIE  
MAGNATE, YOU  
SAID HE WAS!

WELL, HE  
LOOKED  
LIKE ONE,  
VINCENT!

# SWING SISSON



Say it with music---  
Swing Sisson, hot as a  
firecracker with  
instruments of melody  
or battle, hears the  
**TRUMPET CALL** to  
action!

SWING SISSON'S BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY THROUGH THE PARK TO PLAY FOR AN UPPER-CRUST PARTY...

LOOK, SWING!  
TOBY'S PICKED  
A FIGHT  
WITH A  
STRANGER--  
AGAIN!

A CRACK LIKE THAT I TAKE FROM  
NO TOUGH-TALKING TIPPYTOE!

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME AND YOU INSULT ME!  
IF YOU DID KNOW ME, YOU'D KNOW I ALWAYS DID THIS!

TOBY! LAY OFF--WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL DATE TO PLAY!

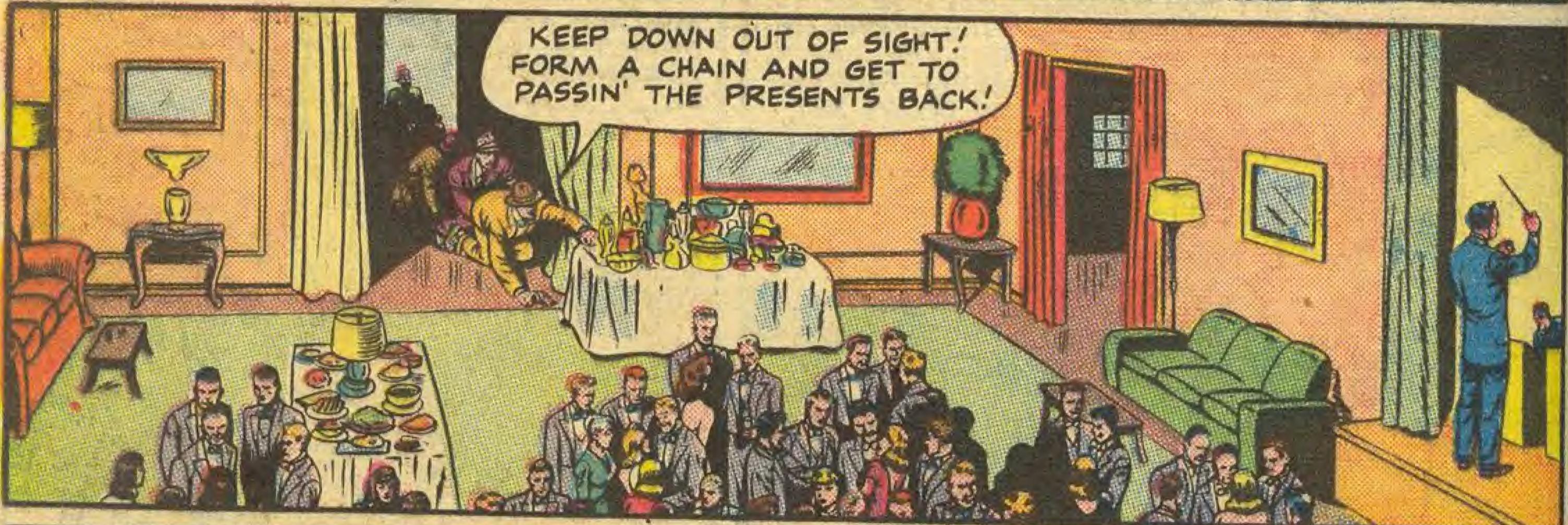
LOOK AT HIM  
RUN! HE CAN'T PUNCH FOR PEANUTS--ONLY CUT MY MOUTH A LITTLE!

CUT YOUR MOUTH? AND WE HAVE TO PLAY FOR THE VAN BUSTLE WEDDING RECEPTION!  
**HOW'LL YOU DO ON YOUR TRUMPET?**

## FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS



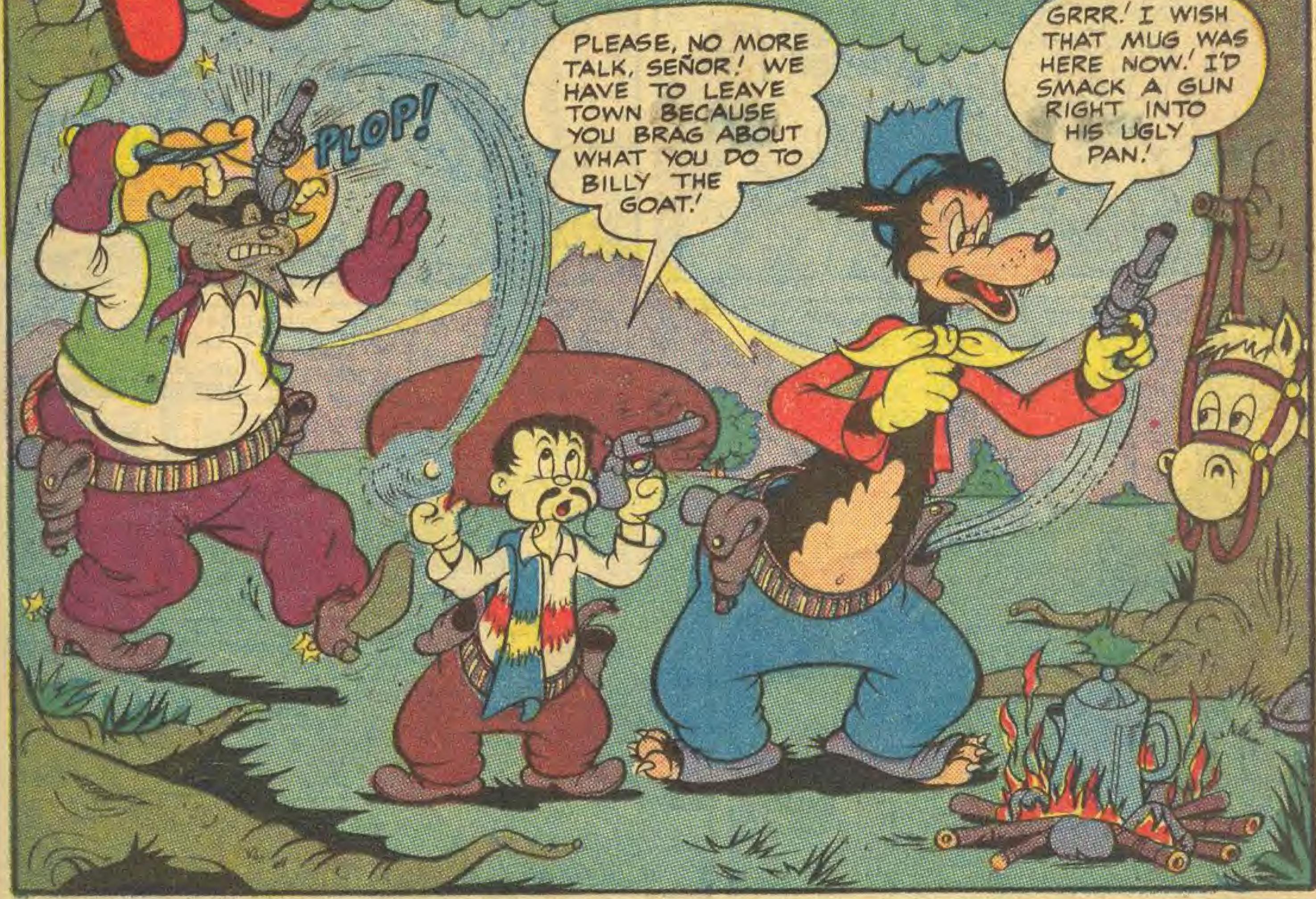
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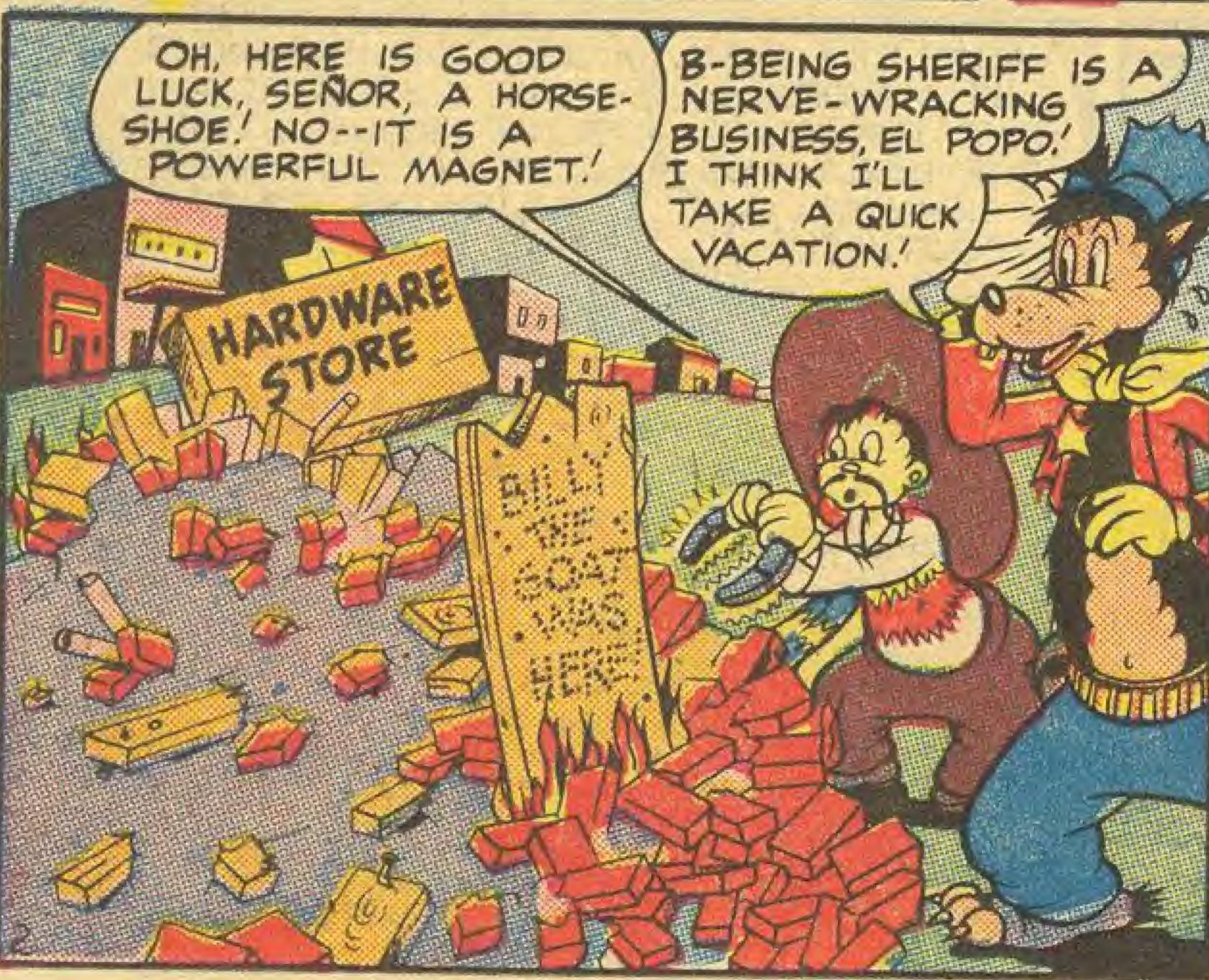
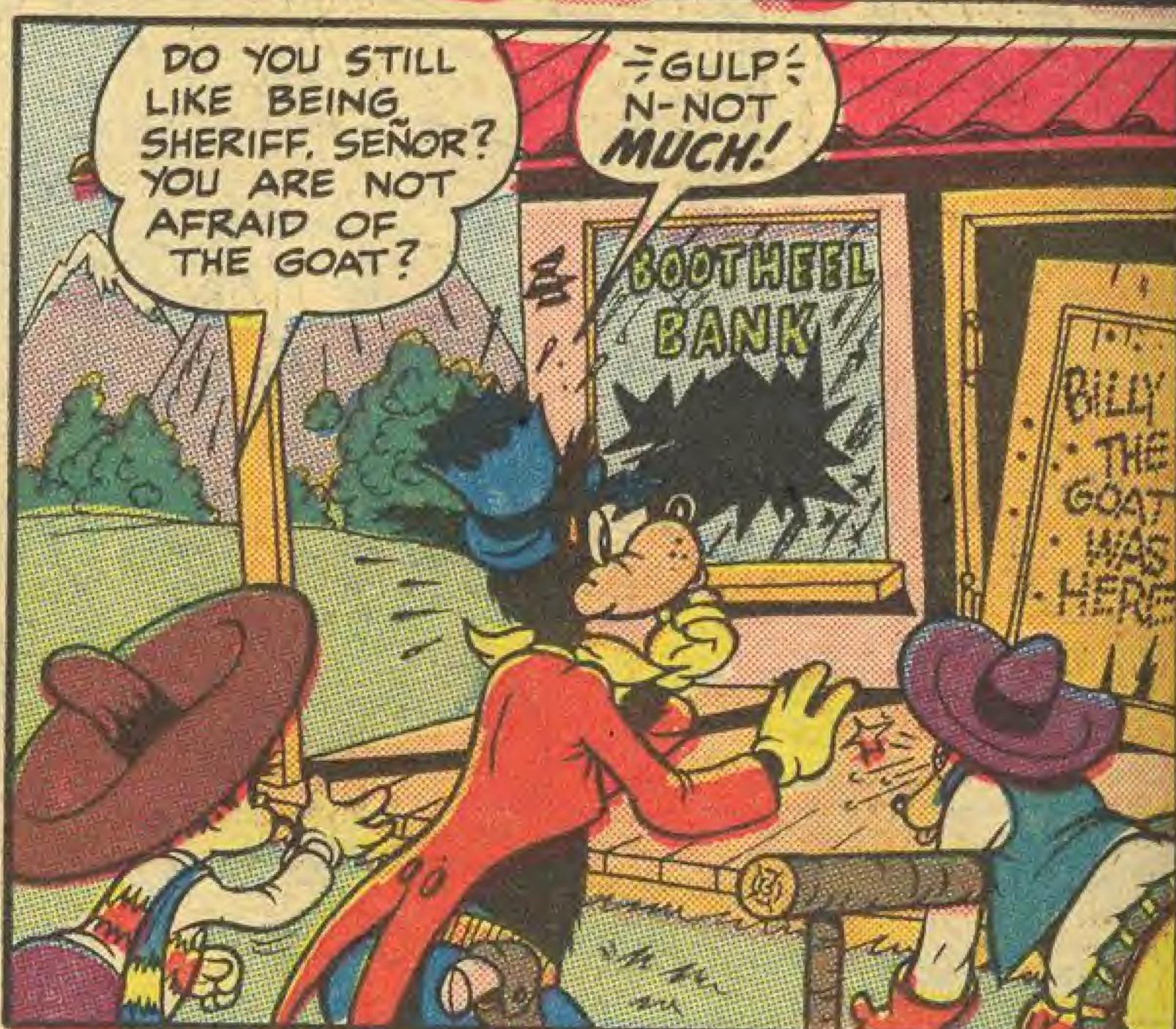
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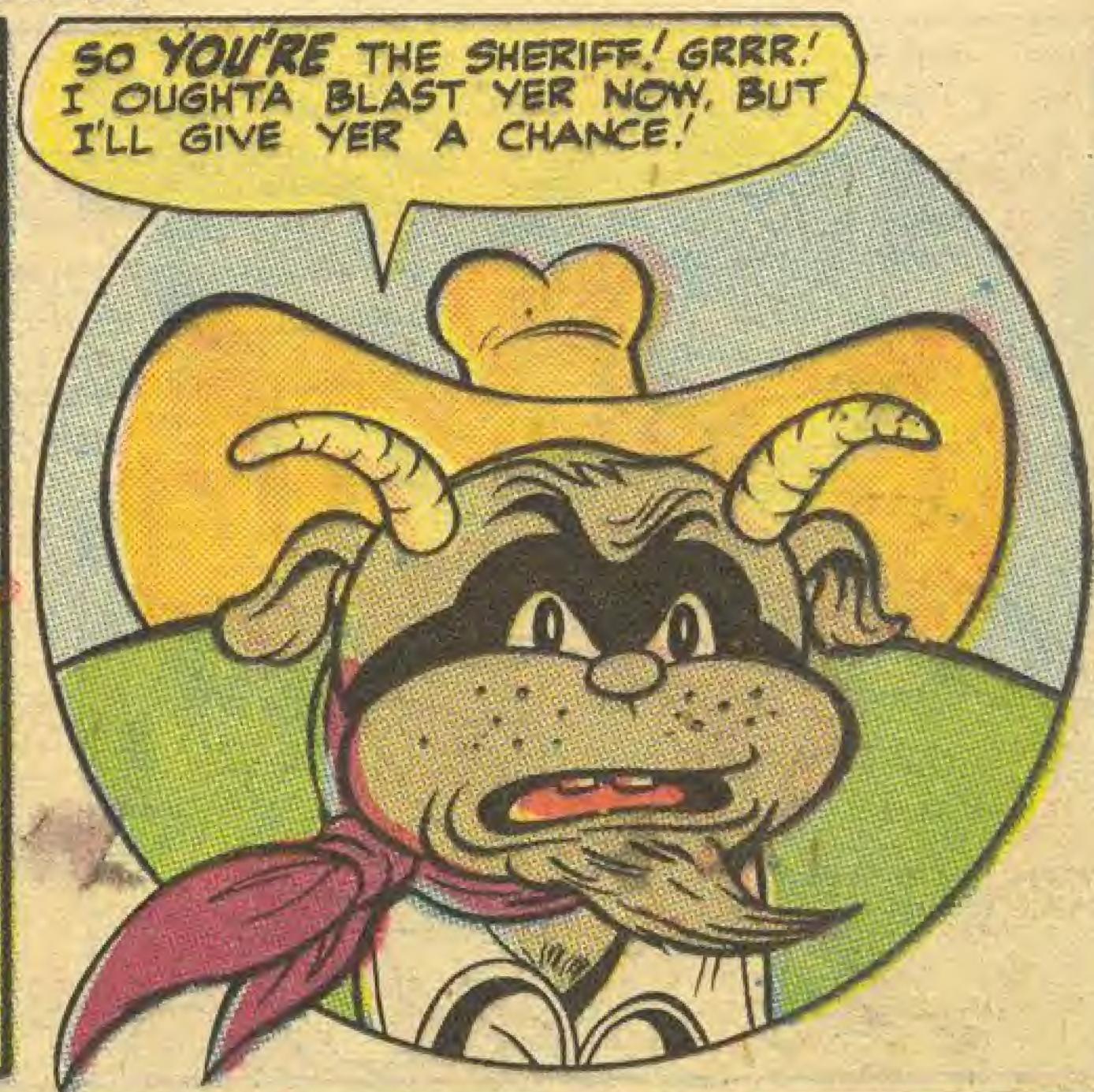
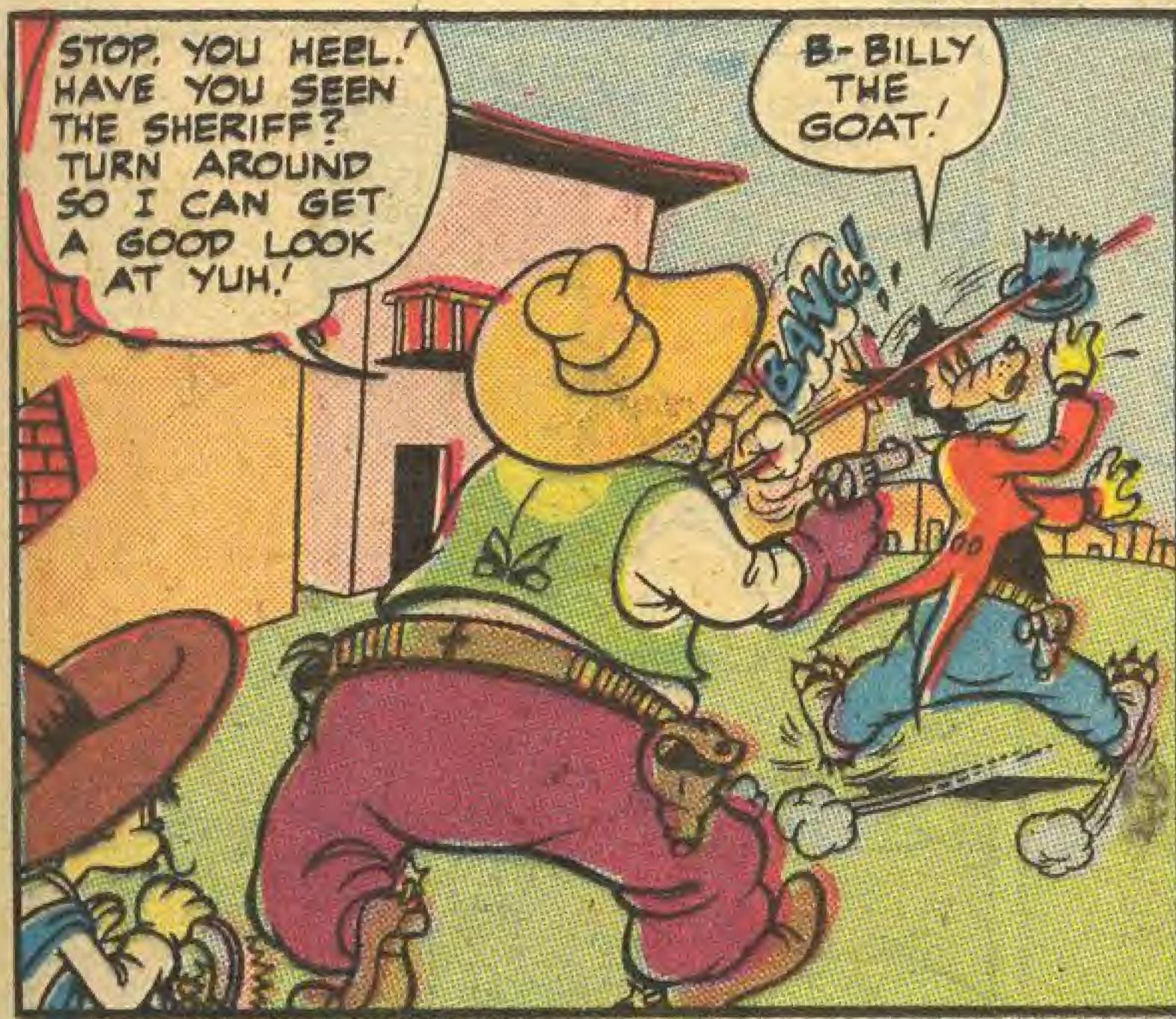
# ROSCOE



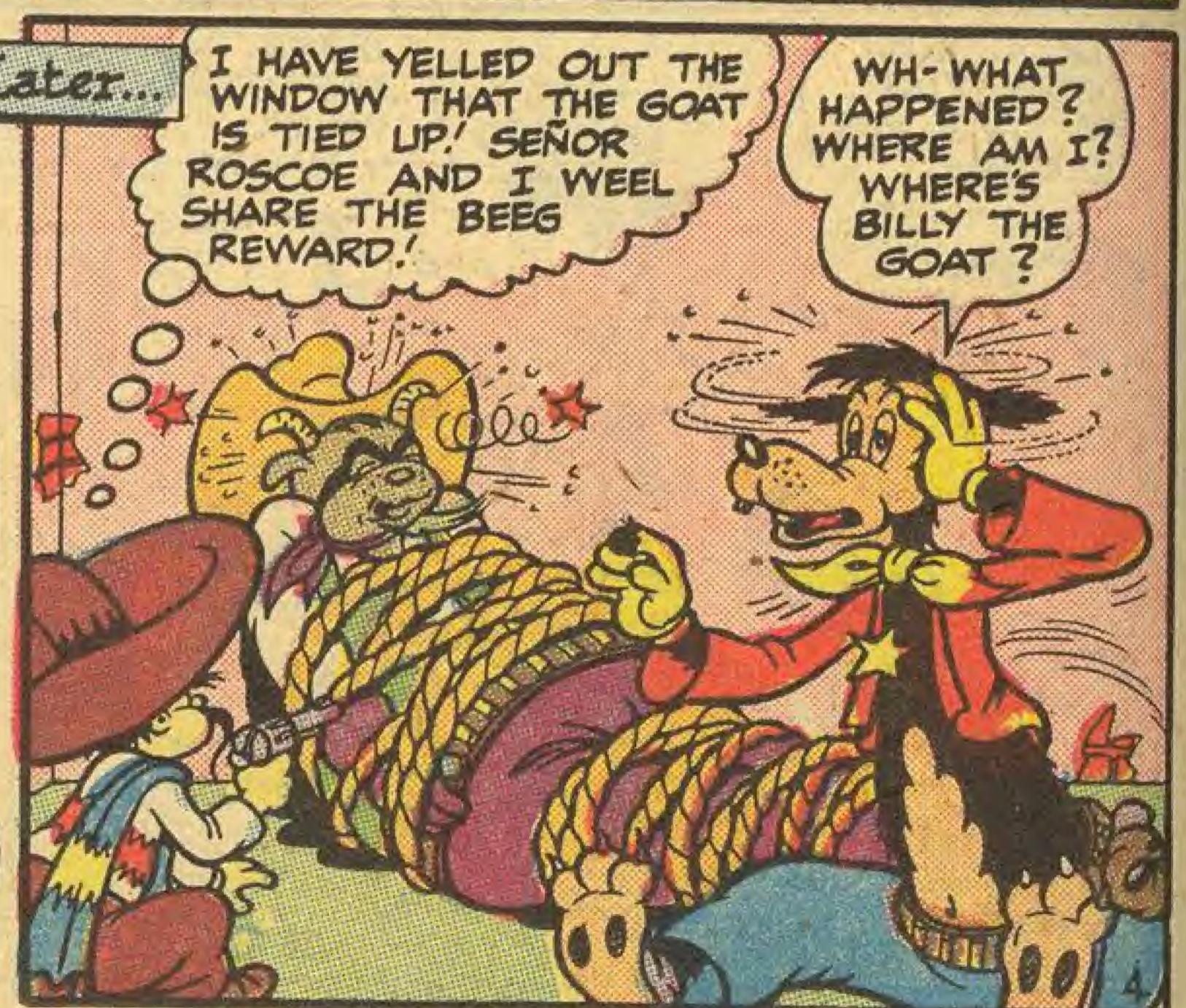
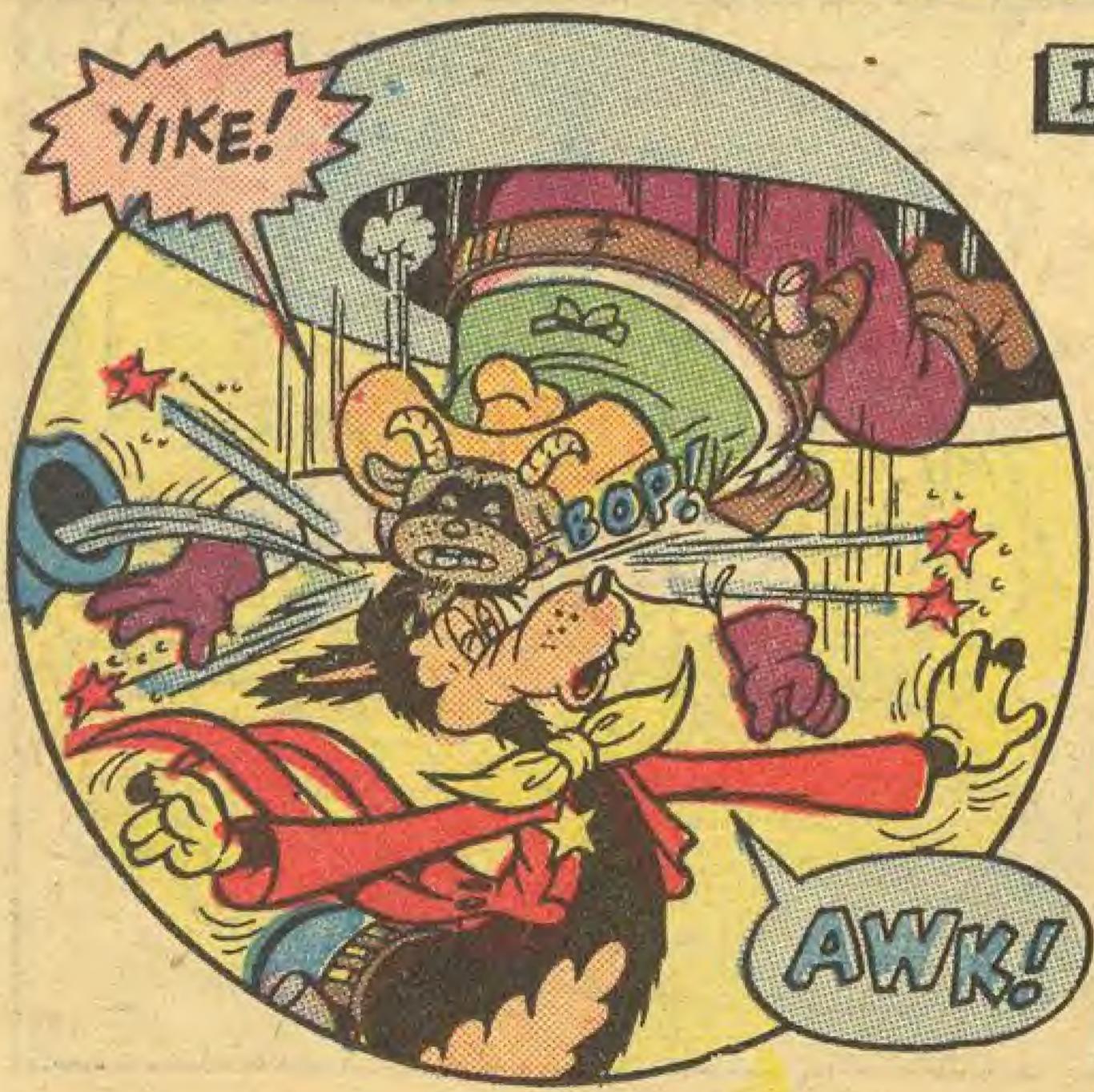
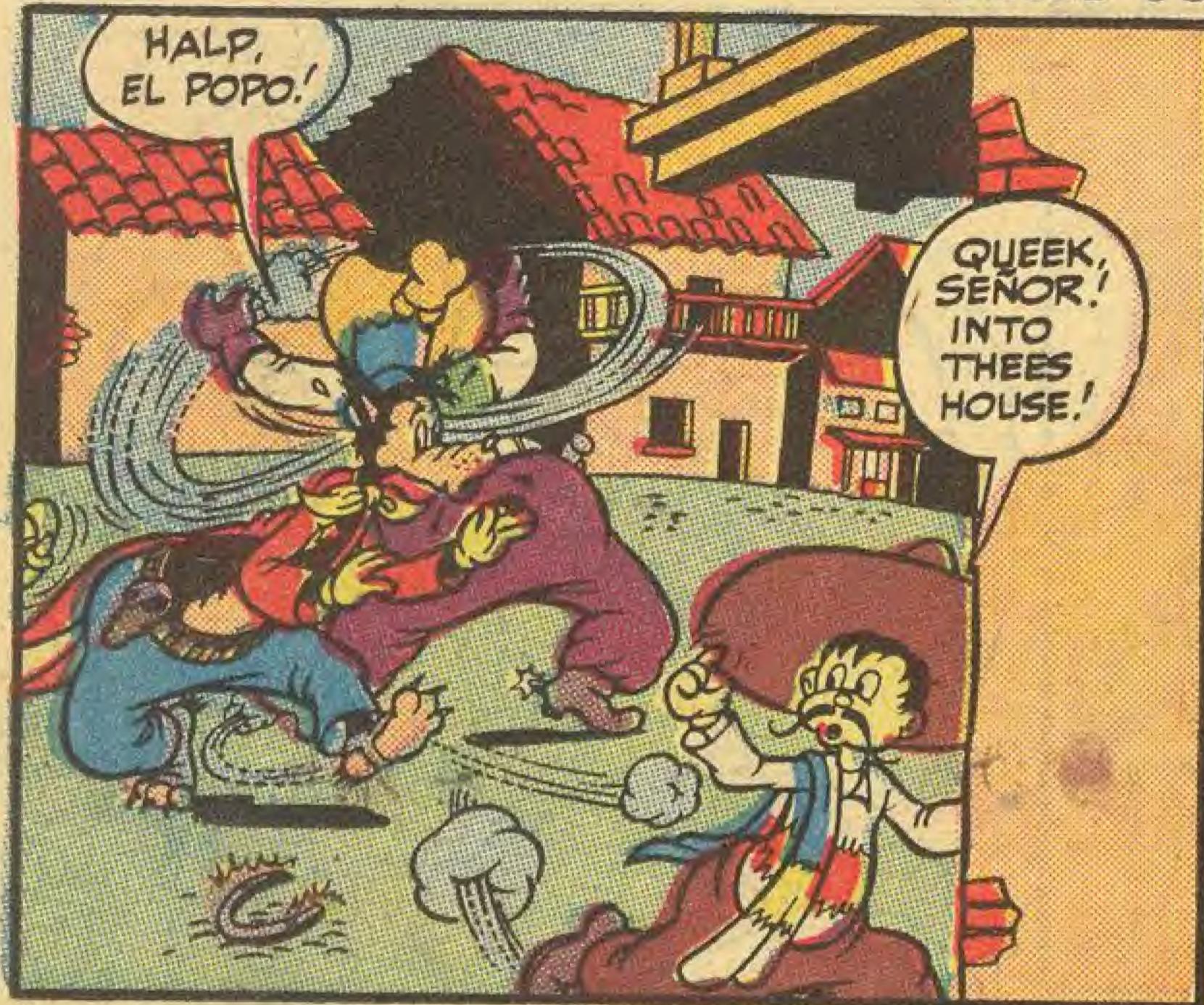
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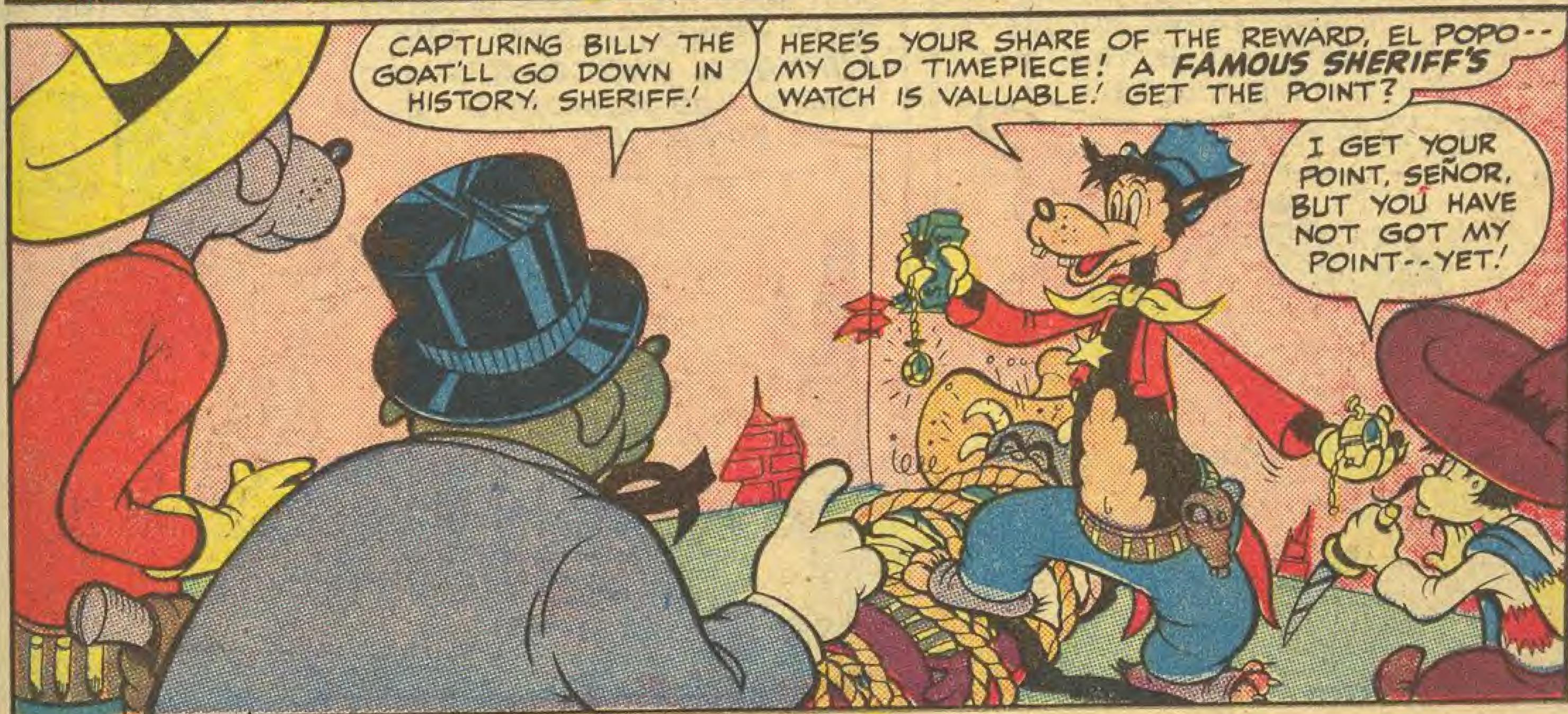
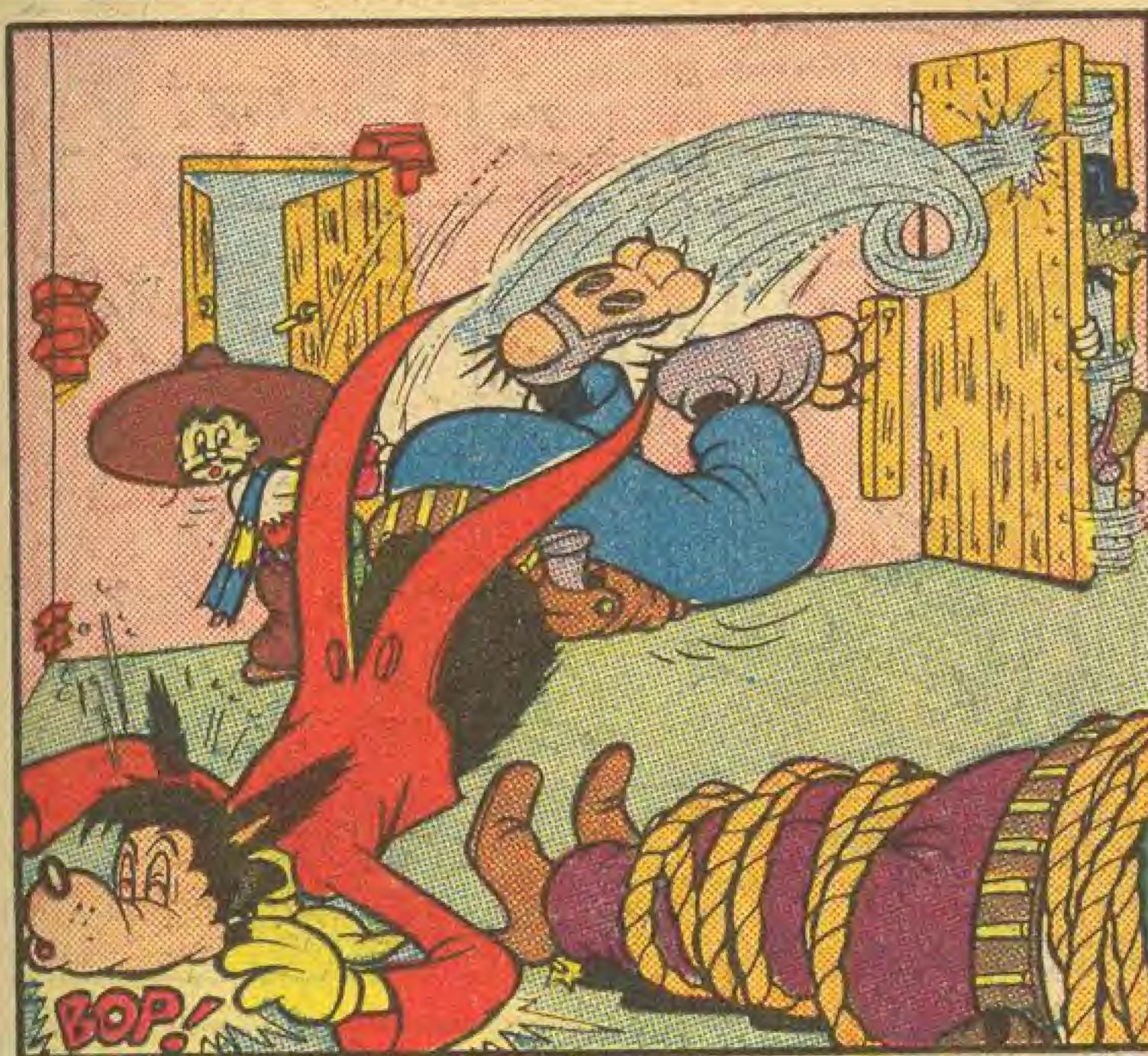
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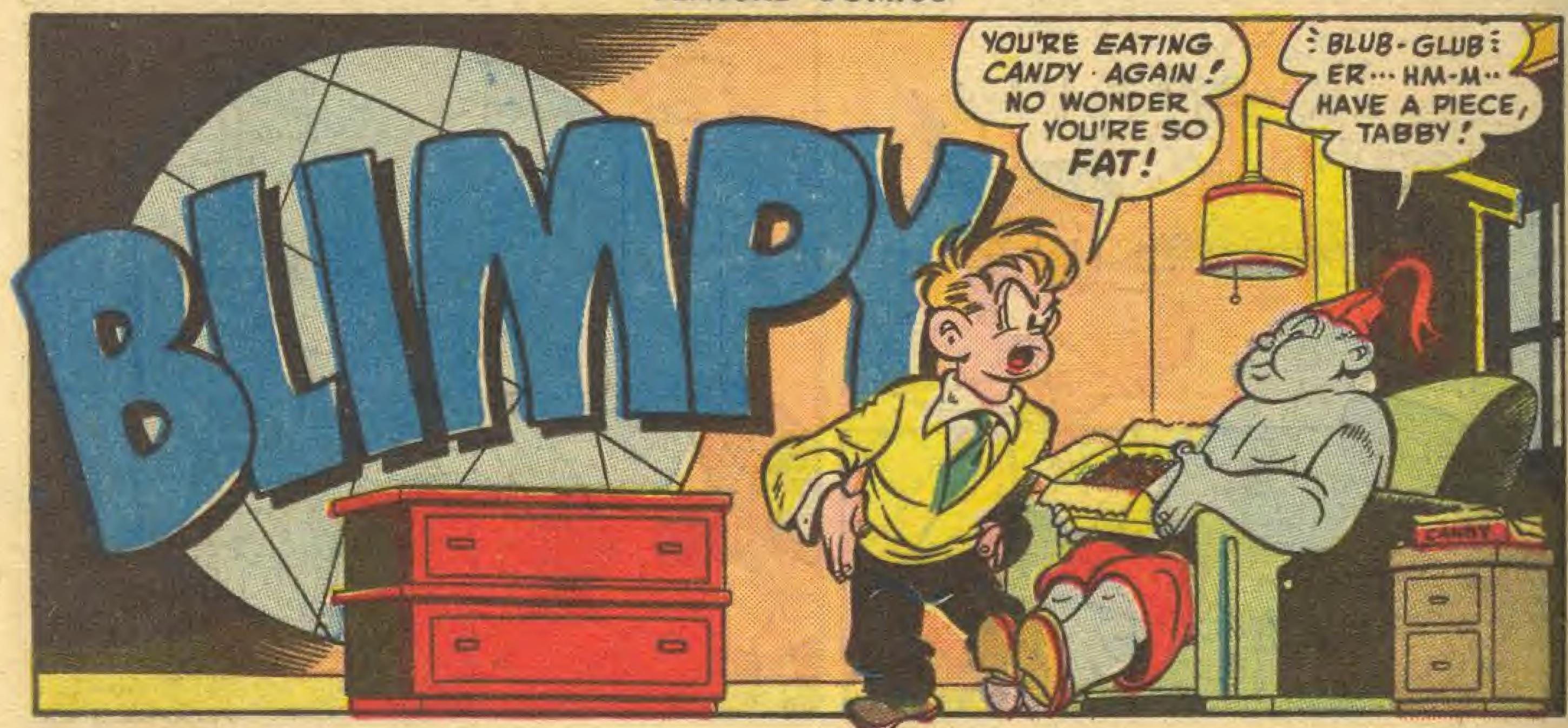


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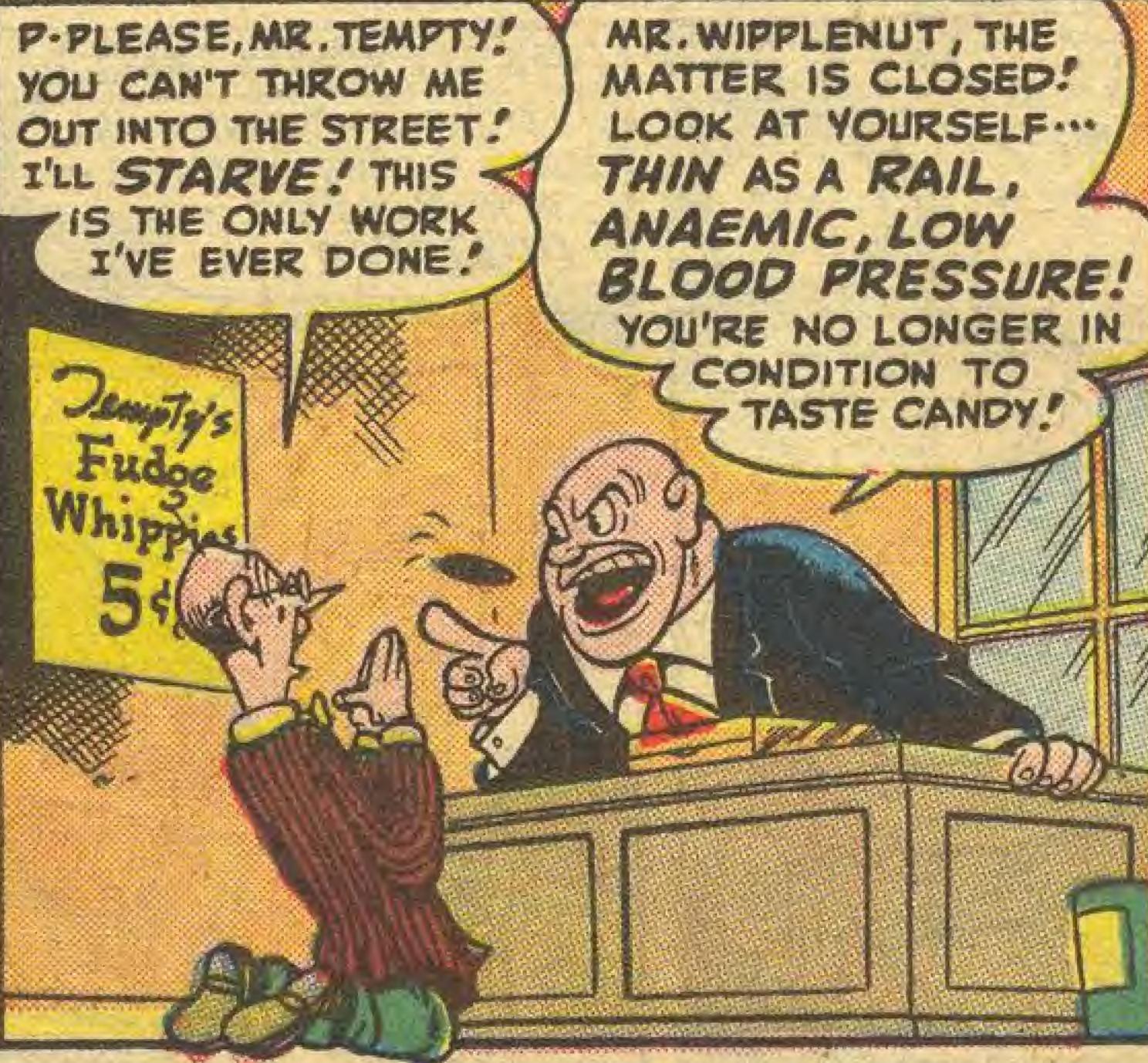
FEATURE COMICS





## FEATURE COMICS

Little does Blimpy realize that he is replacing a Mr. Wipplernut, chief candy taster at the Tempty Candy Factory for thirty years! Poor Mr. Wipplernut! Oh, well... that's life!



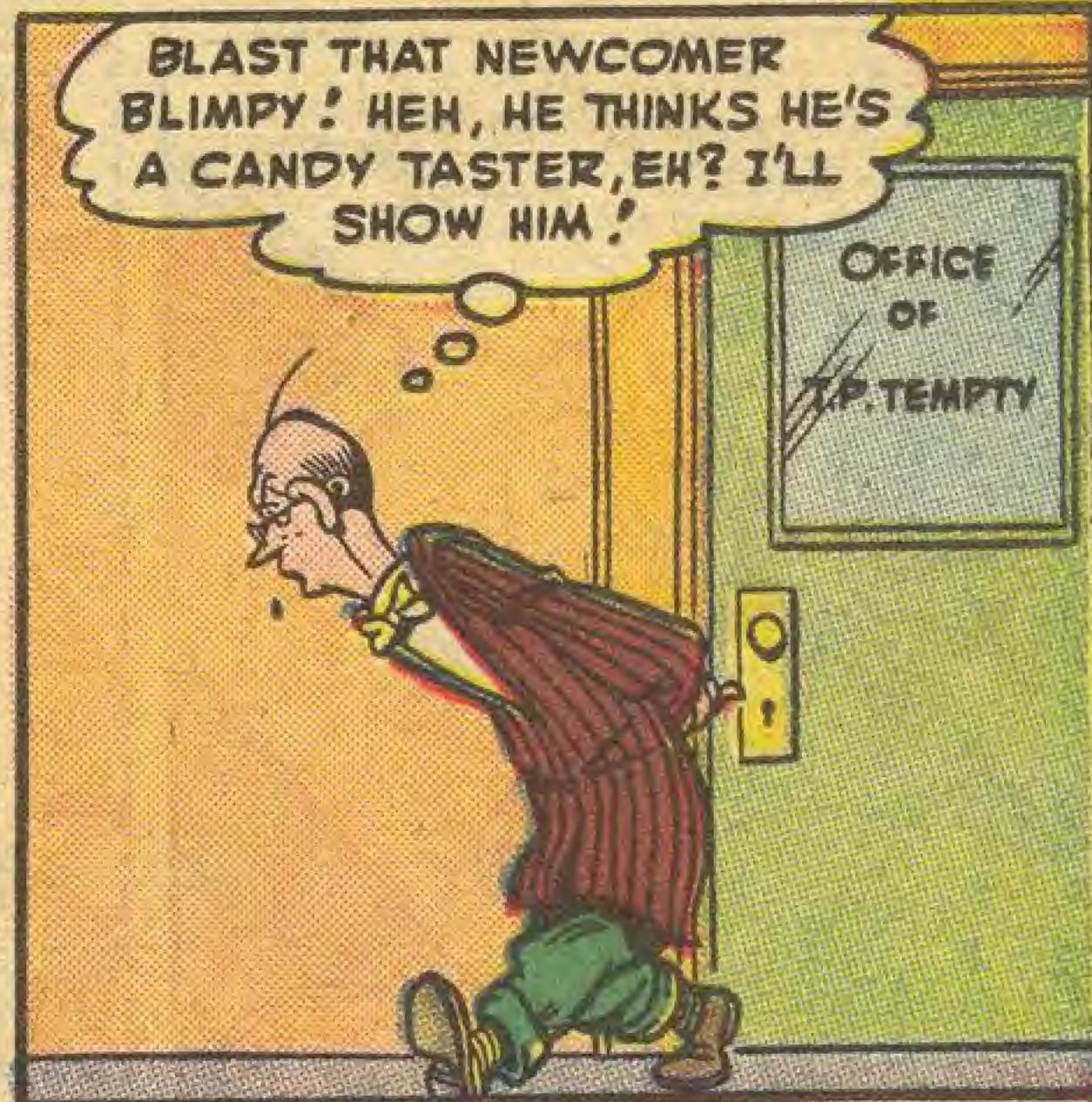
MR. WIPPLENUT, THE MATTER IS CLOSED! LOOK AT YOURSELF... THIN AS A RAIL, ANAEMIC, LOW BLOOD PRESSURE! YOU'RE NO LONGER IN CONDITION TO TASTE CANDY!

THIS JOB ALWAYS REQUIRED A MAN WITH ROBUST HEALTH, MUSCULAR, AND WITH A SHARP APPETITE! THAT'S WHY I'M REPLACING YOU WITH BLIMPY!



MR. TEMPTY, LOOK! REMEMBER THIS PICTURE OF ME TAKEN THIRTY YEARS AGO? I'LL REGAIN MY OLD FORM! GIVE ME TIME! I JUST NEED A FEW SQUARE MEALS!

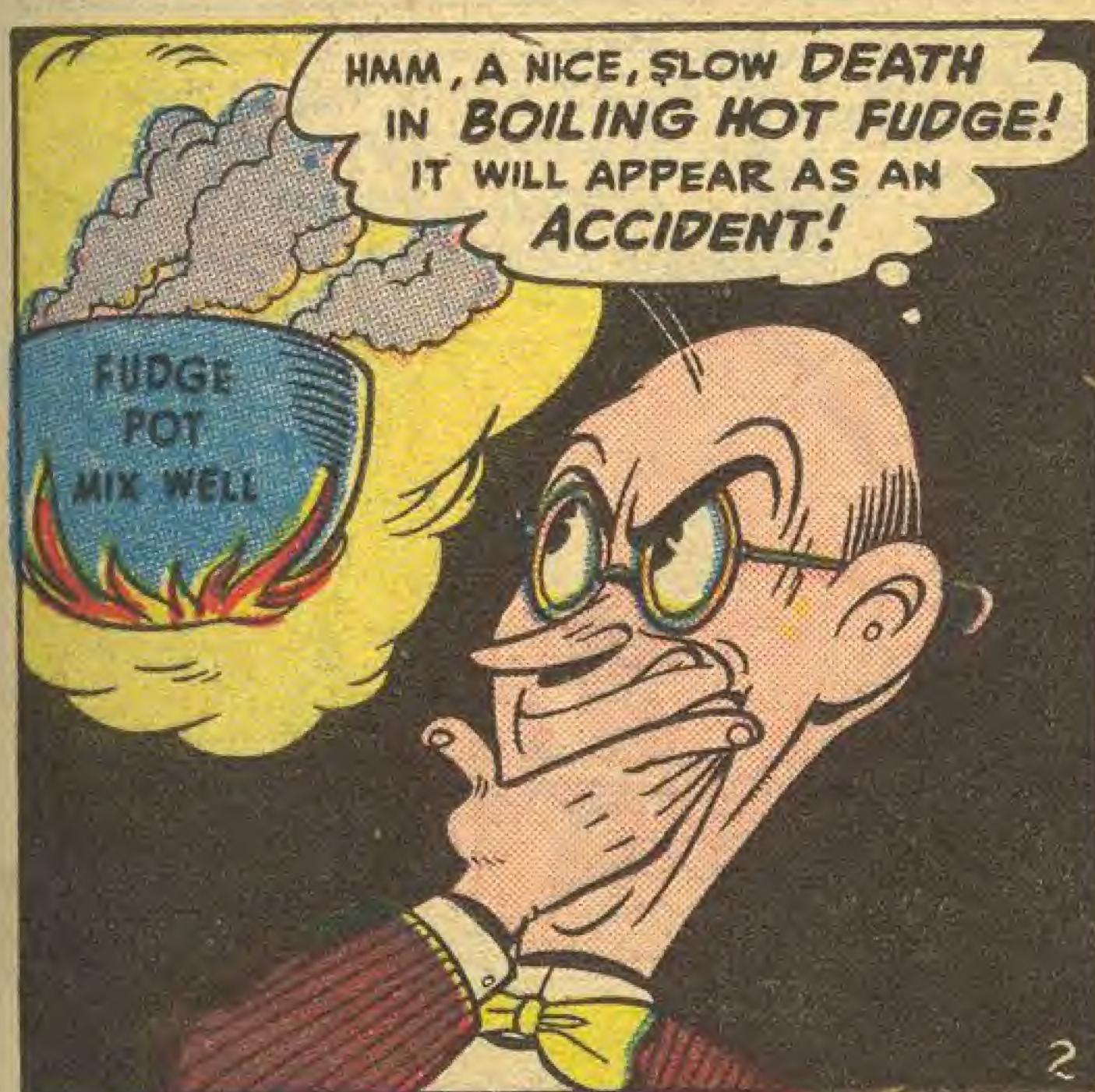
SORRY! MY MIND'S MADE UP! WHEN BLIMPY ARRIVES, YOU'LL SHOW HIM HIS DUTIES AND LEAVE!



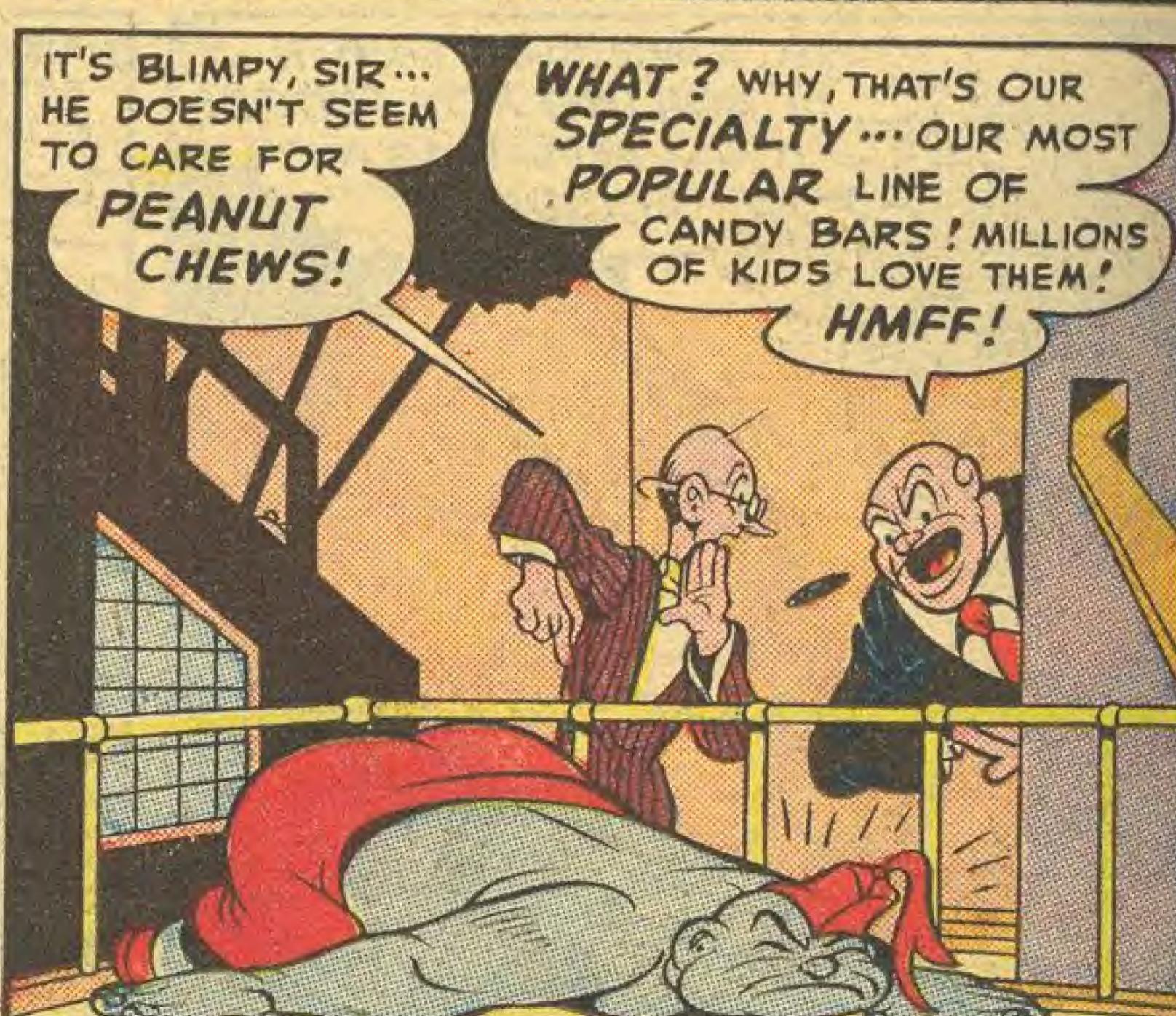
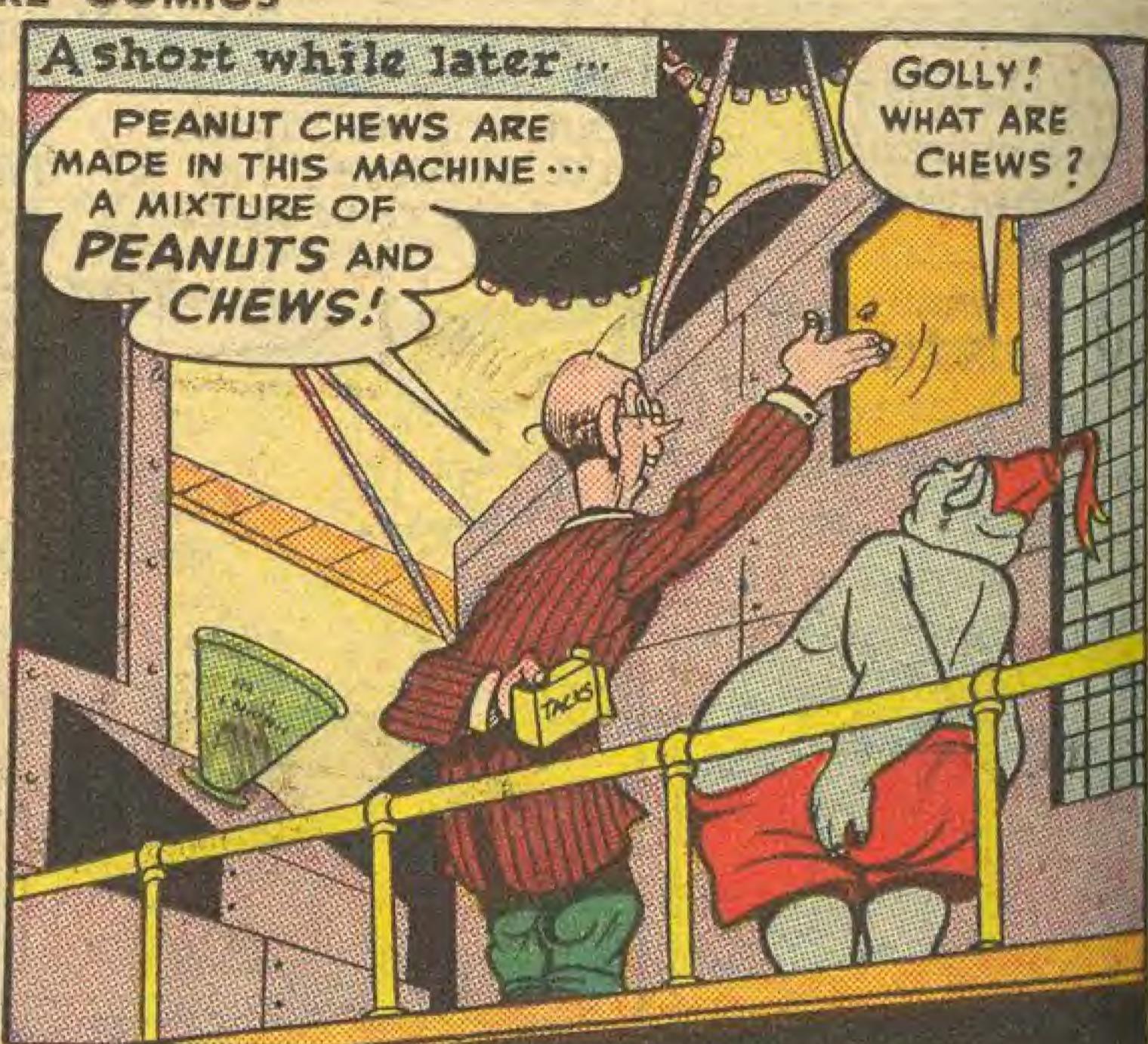
FIRST, I MUST CONTROL MY HATRED AND GAIN BLIMPY'S CONFIDENCE! I'LL PRETEND I'M FRIENDLY! HEH, HEH!

WIPPLENUT!

COMING, SIR!



FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS

ER...PROBABLY SOMETHING  
I ATE FOR BREAKFAST,  
BOSS... DIDN'T AGREE  
WITH ME! THEY'RE  
'GULP!' DELICIOUS!

THAT'S  
BETTER!

NOW, BLIMPY... SEE THAT  
AUTOMATIC CANDY CANE  
STRIPING MACHINE? YOUR  
JOB IS TO **GRAB** ONE  
OF THOSE CANES BEFORE  
THE **STRIPES** ARE  
**PLANTED** ON IT!

I-ISN'T T-THAT A  
LITTLE DANGEROUS...  
WITH ALL THESE WHEELS  
AND THINGS?

NOT AT ALL! WAIT  
FOR THE ARM TO  
PASS, THEN **REACH**  
**INSIDE** FOR ONE!

HERE! LET ME  
HELP YOU!

THANKS...  
HEY!

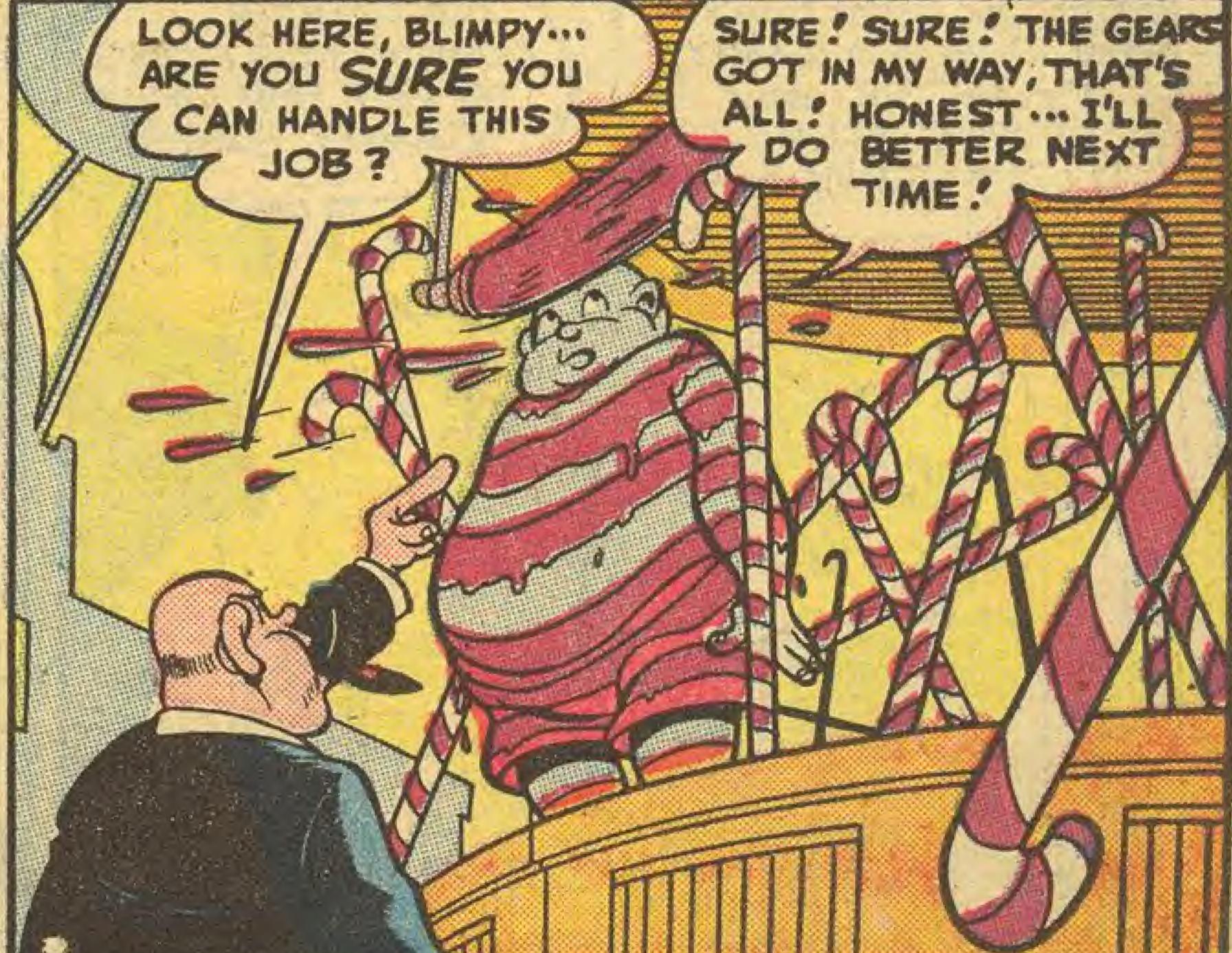
HELP!

IT'S BLIMPY  
AGAIN? NOW  
WHAT?

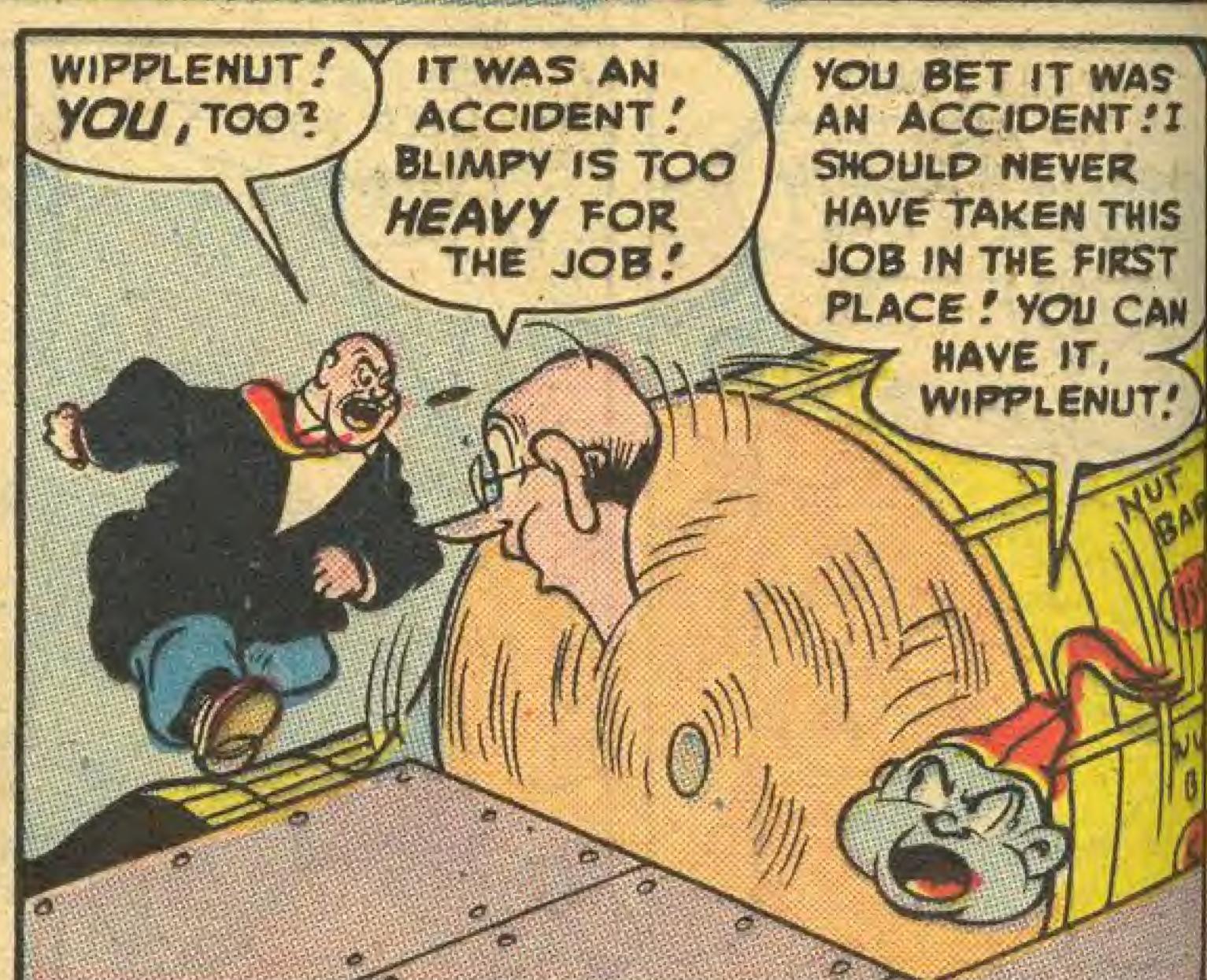
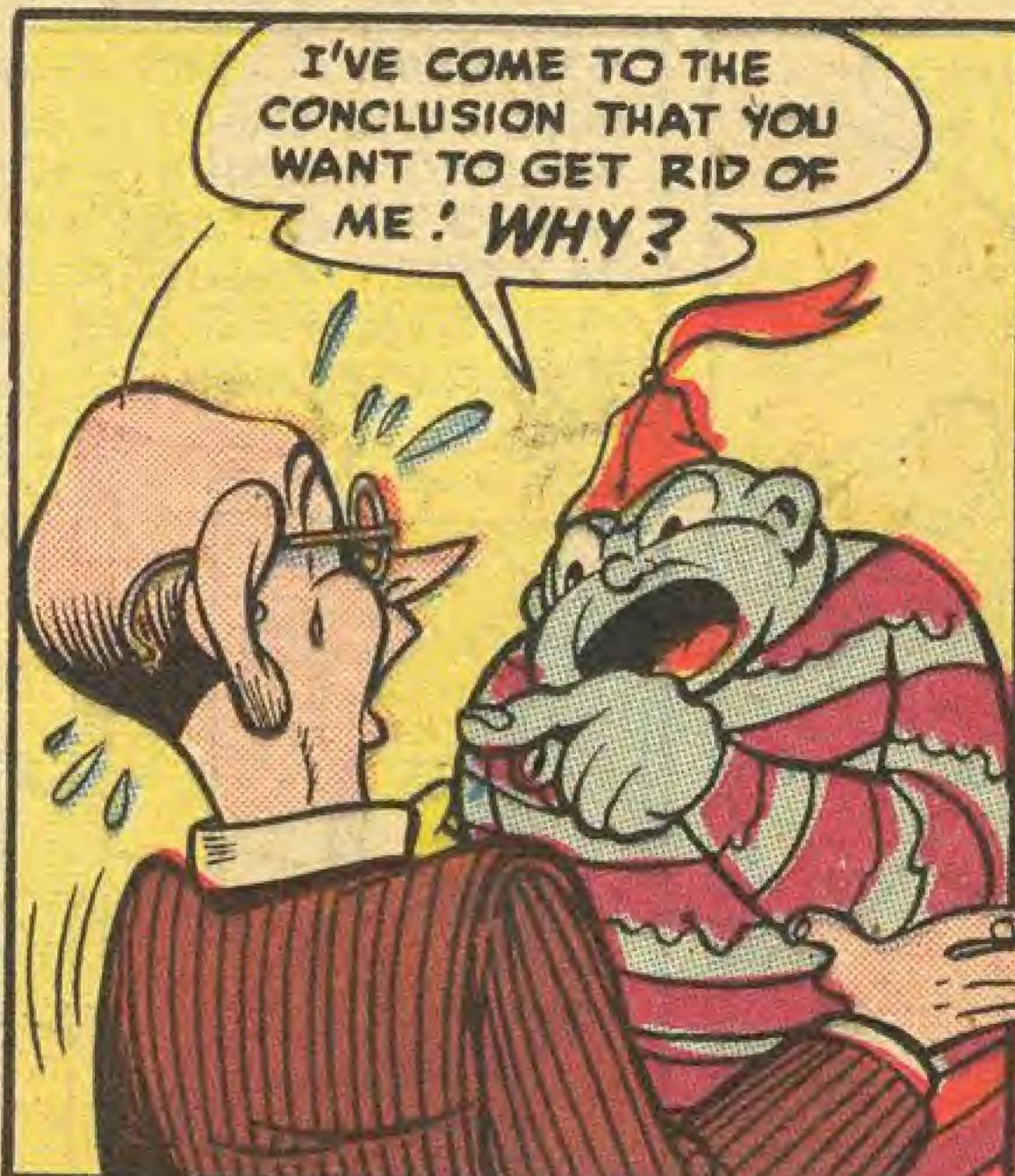
THE STRIPER GOT  
HIM, SIR! HE WASN'T  
**QUICK ENOUGH!**

LOOK HERE, BLIMPY...  
ARE YOU **SURE** YOU  
CAN HANDLE THIS  
JOB?

SURE! SURE! THE GEARS  
GOT IN MY WAY, THAT'S  
ALL! HONEST... I'LL  
DO BETTER NEXT  
TIME!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



# RUSTY RYAN

Poor Rusty! A life of adventure is all right, but when you have to play nursemaid to Pierpont and Alabama... WELL! Those two can never seem to keep out of trouble!

Take this for instance....



OKAY, BUT DON'T GO ON ANY EXCURSIONS! I'D HAVE A HECK OF A TIME TRYING TO FIND YOU IN THESE WINDING STREETS... WHEN YOU GET IN TROUBLE!

AH DONE GUESS RUSTY IS RIGHT... THIS HERE SHO' NUFF IS TH' PECULIAREST TOWN AH EVAH WAS IN! -- ER... HOWDY?

EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN! YOU ARE STRANGERS TO ME, BUT...



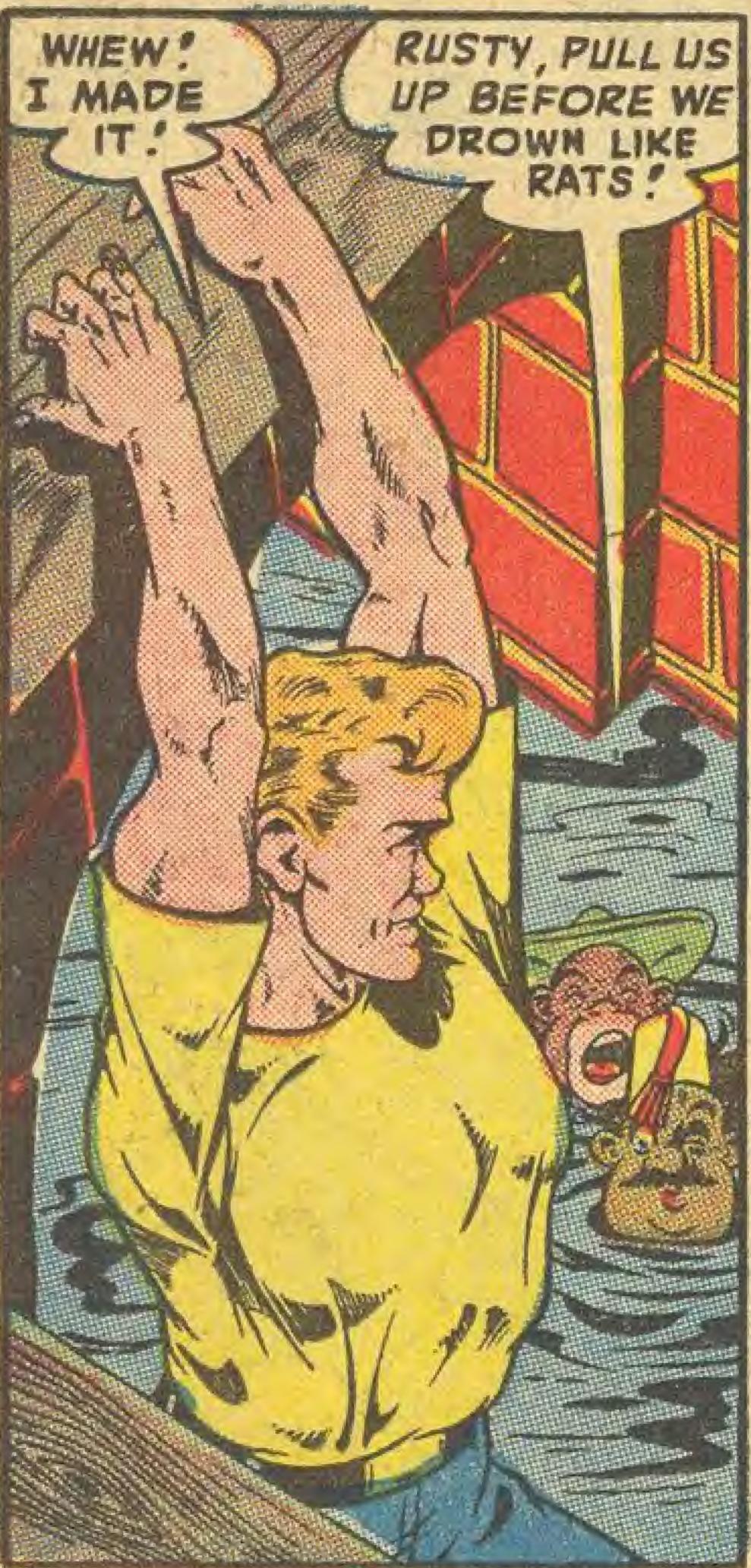
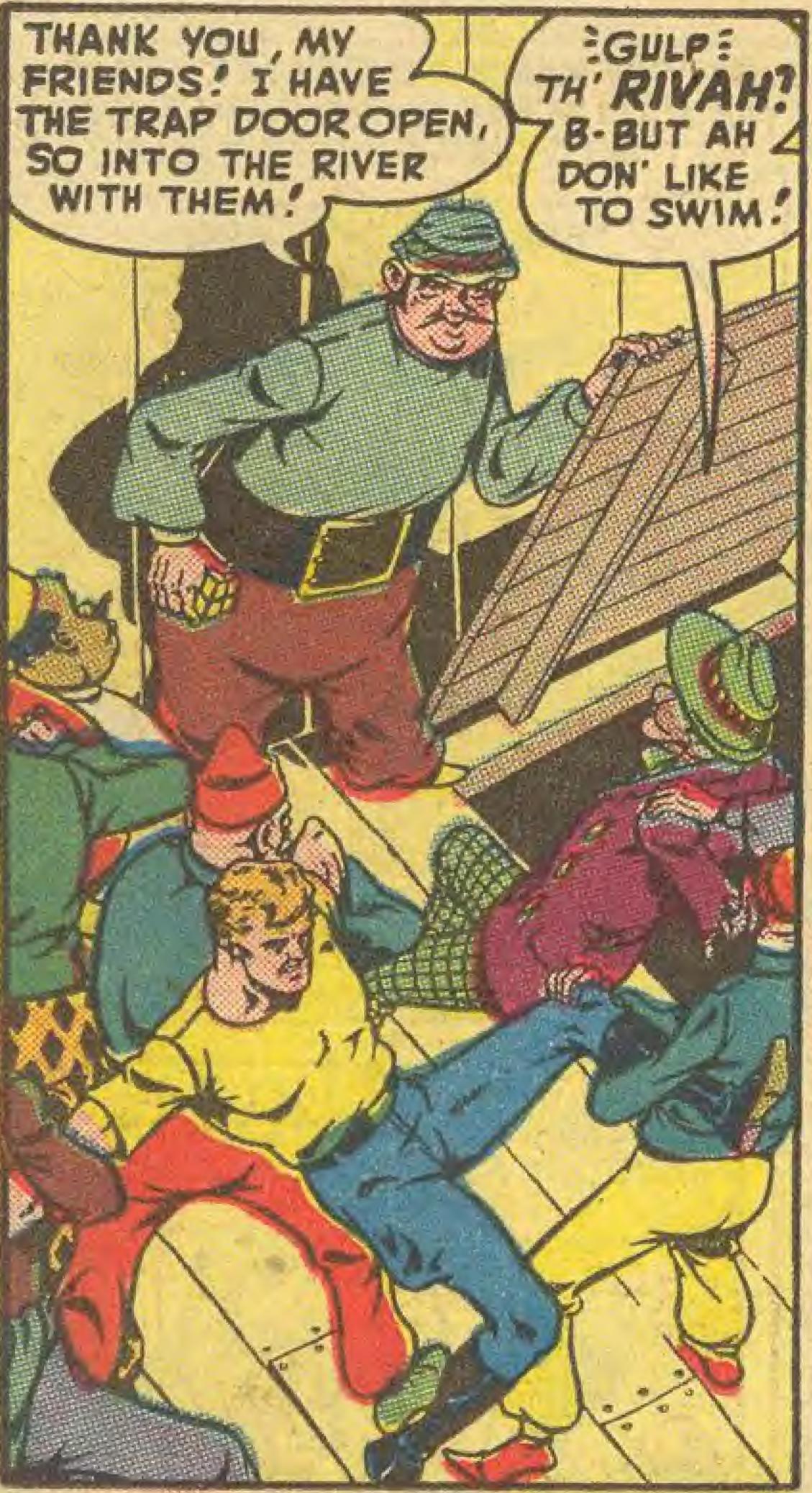
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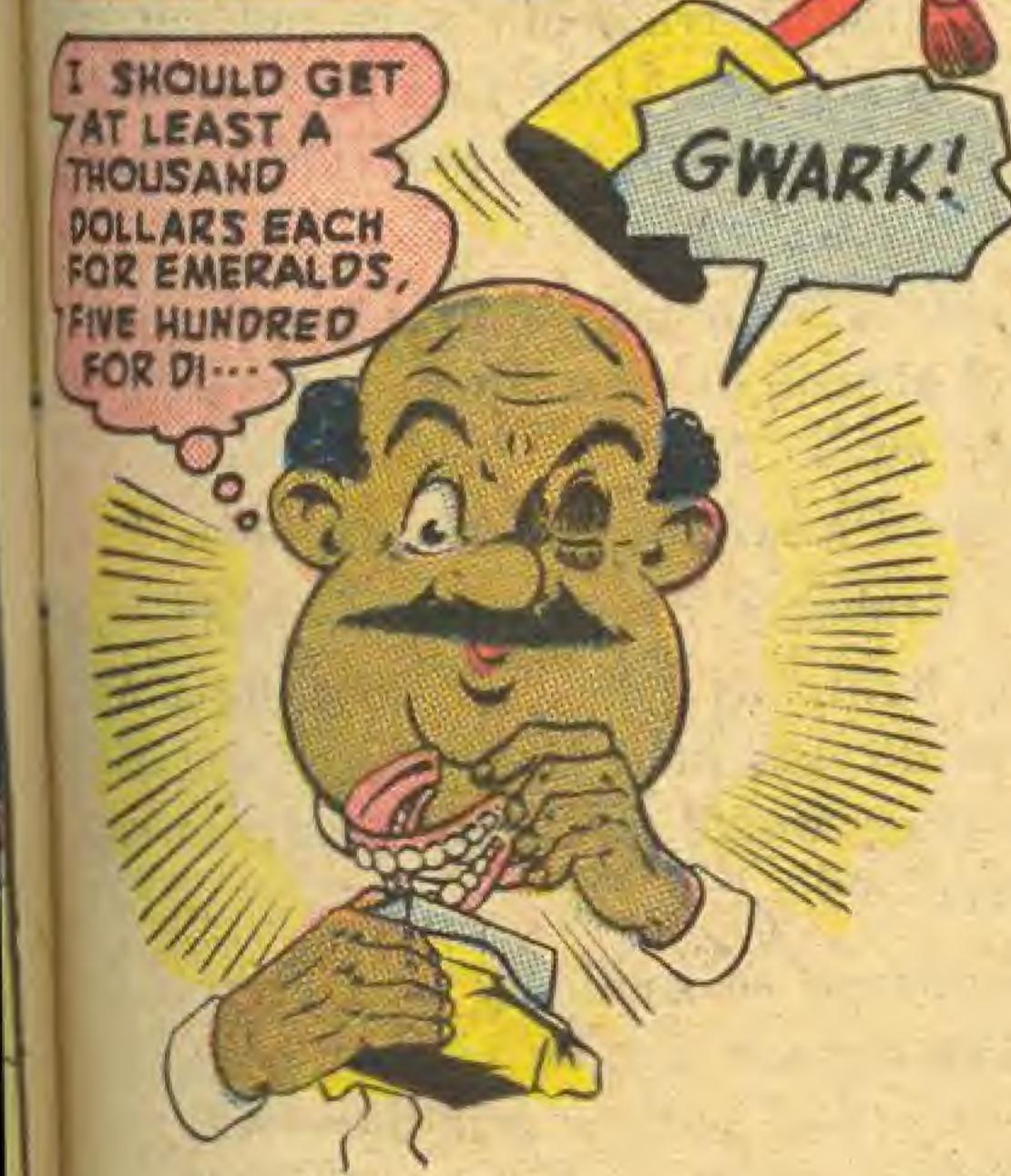
## FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS



# The Light THAT LIED

THROUGH the heavy fog, the lighthouse was invisible. The fog horns and screaming buoys were audible. Just audible. Because thick fog mantles sound as well as light. It was a bad night.

Frieden Island in the North Sea is a place few persons have ever heard of, yet it is one of the most dangerous spots in the seven seas. Here each year scores of ships crash on the sharp rocks. It is said that some of them are never reported on.

"I don't know much about this Frieden Island," said Perry Scott, standing tense at the wheel of his big yacht, *The Syphon*. "I've heard some unhealthy tales about the place, especially about the fellow who keeps the light there. Nordhoff, I think his name is. A weird chap from all accounts. Not exactly to be trusted."

Scott's first mate, Seegers, said: "Then why do they have a guy like that operating the light? Seems to me a lightkeeper should be an unquestioned man."

Scott nodded. "Yes, so it does. But it seems Nordhoff's family has owned the island for a great many years, and each head of the family transfers the lightkeeping to the elder male of the family as the generations get past work."

Seegers grunted. "One of those things, huh?"

"I'd like to pay this Nordhoff a little visit," said Scott after a moment. "Maybe we'll find a way to do it."

When they were well past Frieden Island, the fog began to lift, and every man aboard drew a breath of relief. Nothing is as trying as fog to a seaman. It's almost as bad as waiting for a torpedo to hit, according to sailors of the war.

When the fog had dissipated itself in the bright sunshine, the sea was clean and clear. The North Sea is seldom that way. Usually cold and dismal, it is a body of water unliked by most seafaring men but one that must be traversed a great deal by freighter captains because of its numerous ports.

*The Syphon* leaped along with a bit in its teeth. The crew relaxed their past vigilance and began whistling ditties.

Capt. Scott stayed at the wheel for a moment, then turned it over to another.

"Hold her on an even course, Stebbins."

"Aye, sir."

Toward evening one of those freak storms drew down over the sea and closed off the light as if a bottle of ink had been spilled. It came on to blow. And then the rain fell. It didn't fall in the strictest sense of the word; rather, it flowed down the channels of heaven in great oceans.

The wind rose, roaring and screaming and pitching the yacht in a terrific twisting effort to turn it over and inside out. But *The Syphon* was built to withstand all sorts of weather and rode fairly easy.

The storm broke about eight, with a terrible zig-zag play of lightning and thunder such as is seldom heard. The radio went out about nine, and Sparks could not get a peep over it. He worked frantically to get it in order, but the pitching of the boat kept him too busy to do a good job. After getting it going, he crashed into it again and broke a lot of gadgets loose.

Several of the instruments were put out of commission by the great buffeting they received, and pretty soon *The Syphon* was running with the sea—a stray, lost.

Capt. Scott was in his cabin when the man at the wheel phoned down: "Light to the starb'd two points, sir."

"Good. Hold a straight course, Stebbins."

A light! Probably Frieden Island Light.

Well, any light was a good one in a storm. All they had to do was hold their course and slip on south. They would probably soon run out of the storm.

It all happened so suddenly that every man on board *The Syphon* was hurled in a heap. The yacht struck a reef with a grinding crash and began listing almost immediately. The engineer

## FEATURE COMICS

came running up to report that a huge hole was stove in the craft's bow and the sea was gushing into the holds.

Capt. Scott became the master. "All hands on deck!" he bellowed into the public address system. There were only six altogether, and they were soon lined up on the aft deck.

"Launch the sub," ordered Scott. "We'll never be able to live this out. She's grinding to pieces on the reef!"

*The Syphon* carried a strange looking submarine, the invention of Perry Scott during war days when he used it in various secret tasks for the government. It was an odd looking submersible, unlike the conventional type in almost every respect.

This undersea craft safely carried ten men and could sink fast as a plummet or rise just as fast. Under water she was a veritable greyhound for speed, with an official record of 42 miles an hour.

Scott had just installed special atomic engines which gave the U-boat enormous power without having to carry a great deal of surplus weight.

They got her overside just as *The Syphon* leaned to a 30 degree angle and was ready to go under. All hands boarded and Scott pressed the AHEAD lever. The sub shot away from the wreck. Just in time, too. The yacht, lifted by the bow, then shot below with a great whooshing noise.

The sub sank almost as fast, following the course of the yacht on down to the bottom, which was about thirty fathoms.

Scott said as he eased the sub to a stop on the mud, "I'll just see if it is possible to bring her up later."

The yacht settled upright, caught between two huge rocks. A good enough place, and it would be fairly easy to grapple her and lift her.

While they watched, checking position, a strange thing happened. A small tank-like thing came creeping along the ocean floor, halted at the wreck, and out piled three men in diving suits. They clumped directly to the yacht, with light lights trained on her side.

"Now what the devil is that?" cried Perry. "Divers!" gasped one of the crew. "And how

do you like that undersea tank?"

"But where did they come from?" Stebbins demanded. "Would seem like they were waiting down here for *The Syphon* to settle."

"I think you have something there," said Capt. Scott. "They haven't seen us. We'll watch and follow them."

Scott drew the sub a bit farther into the gloomy water and stopped. Soon the three divers reappeared from the deck of the yacht carrying a heavy box—the ship's strong box.

"Hm!" grunted Scott. "They think there's valuables in there. They'll get fooled—in more ways than one. Follow them when their tank takes off."

The tank was soon under way, the sub close behind. For a half mile the chase went, then the tank stopped and the divers got out. They were in an undersea cave. Pretty soon the divers entered a steel door, which closed on them.

"Into your suits, boys. We'll make a pinch."

Dressed in special diving suits, the six men opened the steel door and found themselves in a waterlock. They pressed a lever and the water quickly was pumped out. Now they found an elevator. In a moment they were going upward.

The car stopped above ground.

"Just as I thought," said Scott. "Frieden Island. Look at the light."

They looked. It was far to the south. It should be directly west of them. The light was a false one, put on to misdirect ships to ruin.

The six men sneaked up to a big stone house on the middle of the island. One light gleamed from a window. They peered through. The three divers, out of their suits, were working at the locked box.

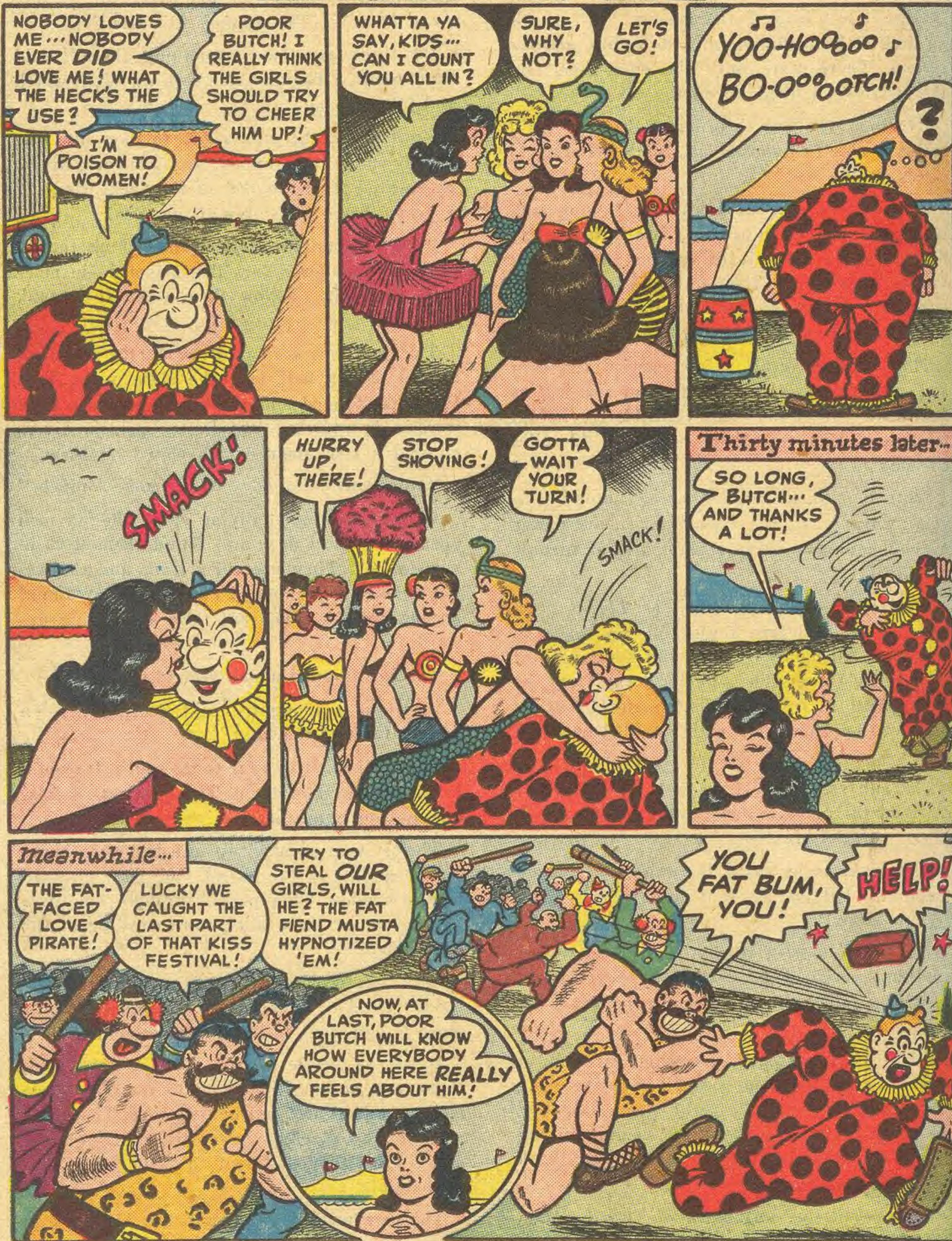
Capt. Scott drew his revolver and broke the glass. "Hold it, boys!" he commanded. "Don't move if you want to live for a decent trial."

It was as simple as that. Caught flat-footed, there was nothing for them to do. The three men were Nordhoff and his two sons. The house was stored full of plunder—the plunder from many ships they had sent to their doom with false lights.

The case made great newspaper history and elevated Capt. Scott to greater eminence.

FEATURE COMICS

# BIG TOP



FEATURE COMICS

# BIG TOP

IT SAYS HERE THAT IF ONE'S POWERS OF MENTAL TELEPATHY ARE STRONGLY DEVELOPED, YOU CAN ALMOST MAKE OTHERS DO WHAT YOU WANT 'EM TO!

WELL, I WANT A RAISE!

BUTCH, BOSS!  
BUTCH...GOOD OL' BUTCH, WHO YOU'RE GONNA GIVE A RAISE TO!

YOU REALIZE THAT YOU LIKE GOOD OL' BUTCH AND YOU'RE GONNA GIVE HIM A NICE, BIG RAISE, DON'TCHA?

IN FACT, YOU DON'T JUST LIKE BUTCH... YOU LOVE HIM!

YES, SIR, YOU LOVE OL' BUTCH LIKE HE WAS YOUR OWN BROTHER!

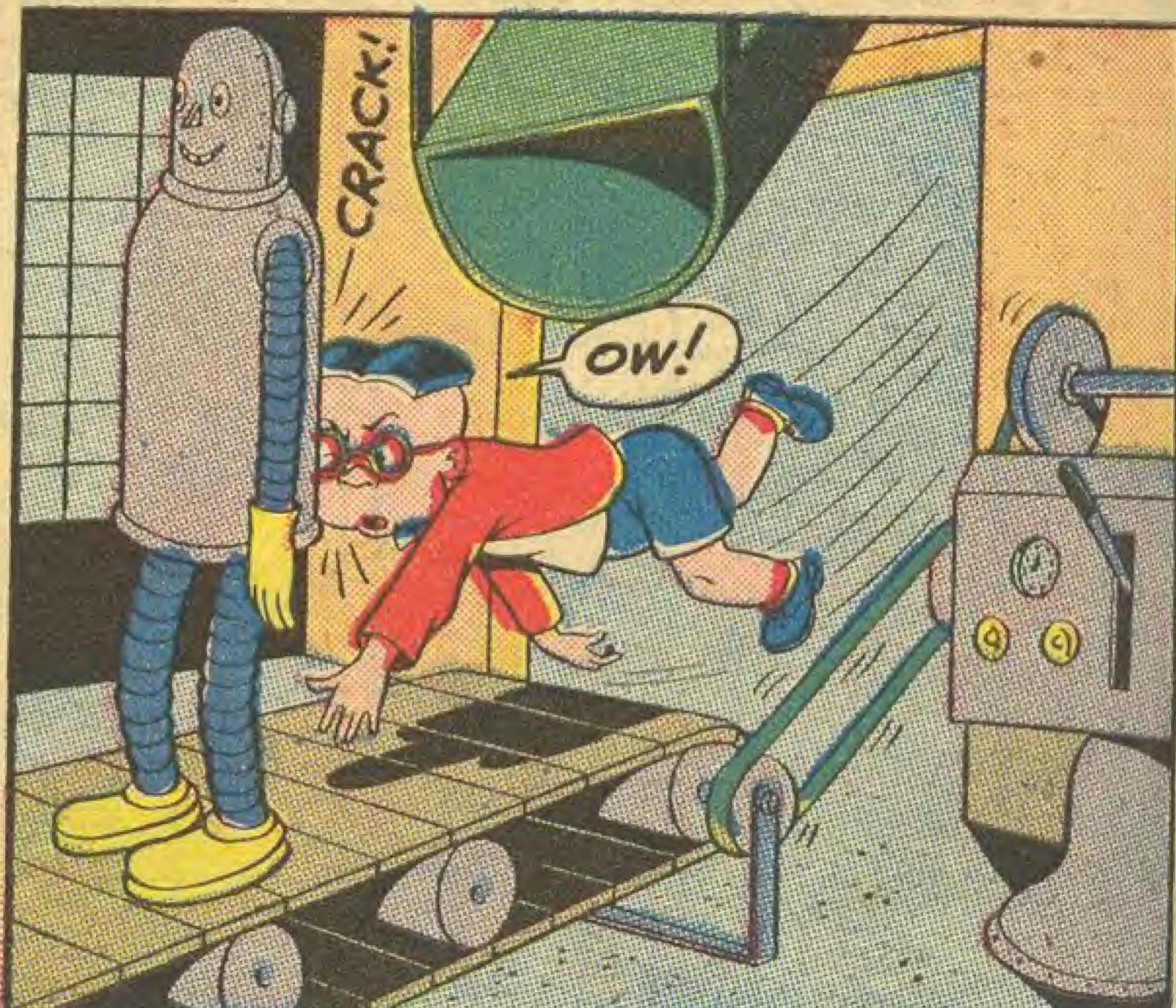
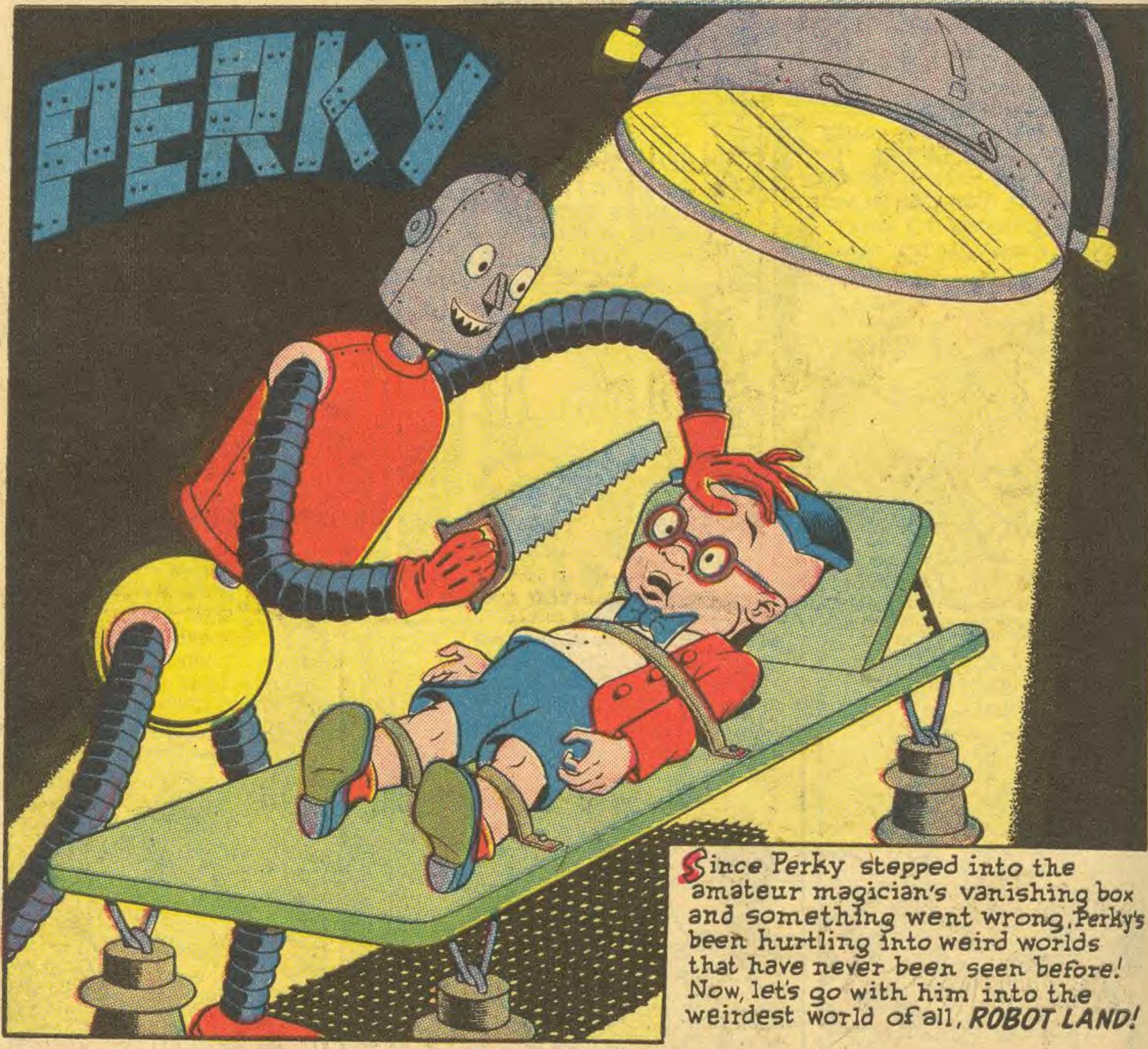
MORE THAN THAT! YOU LOVE HIM LIKE HE WAS YOUR OWN LITTLE CHILD!

WOT TH...?

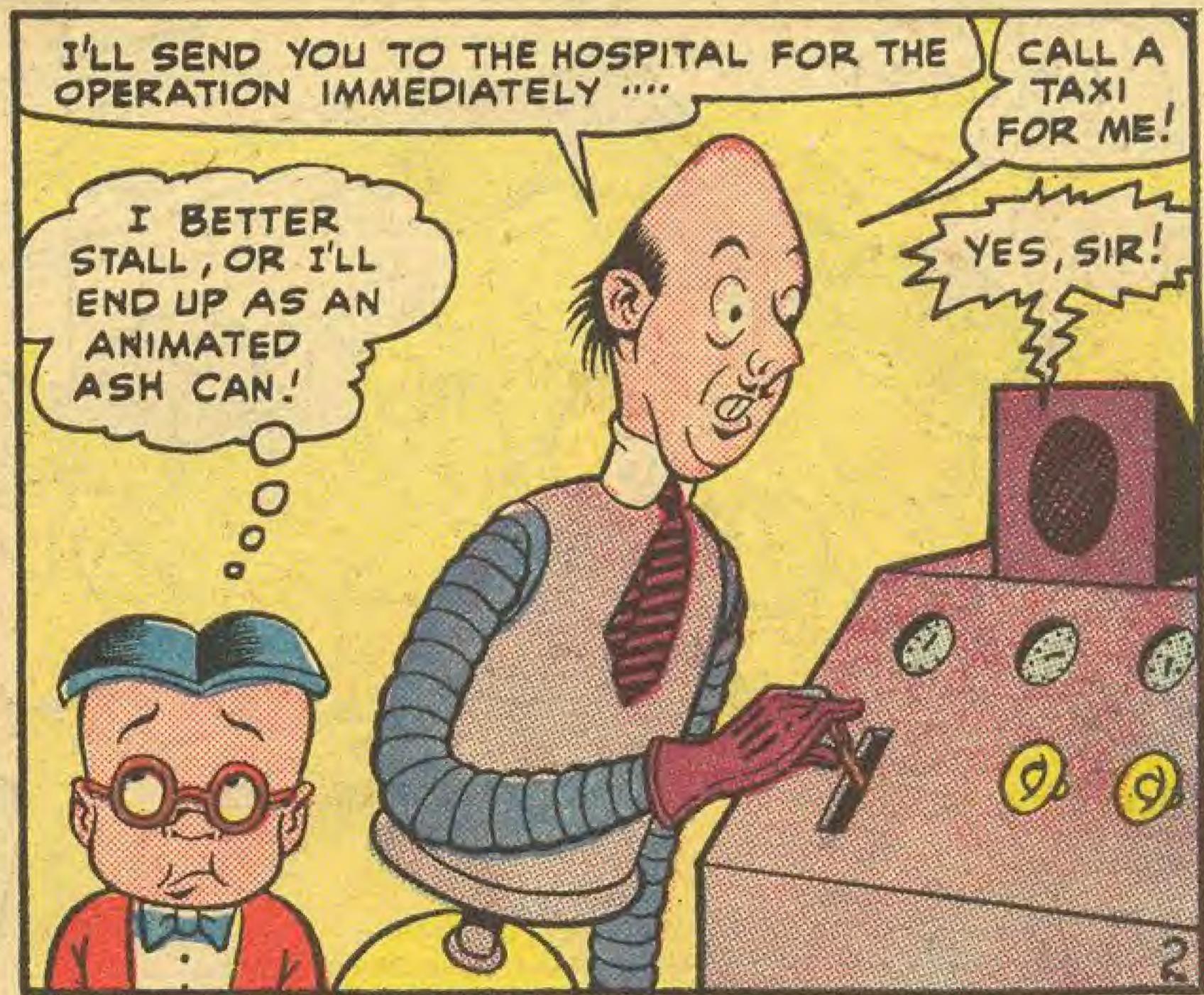
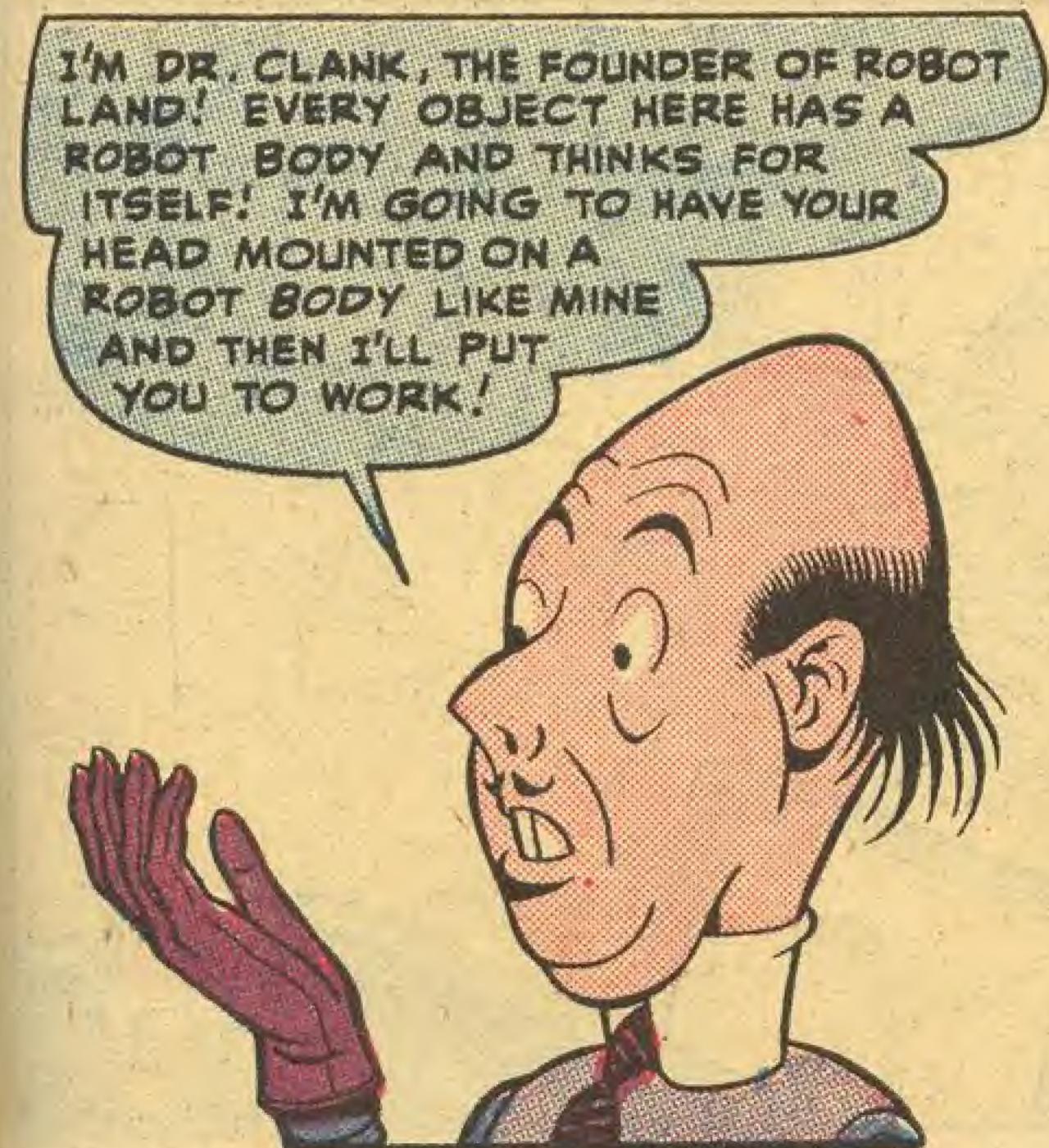
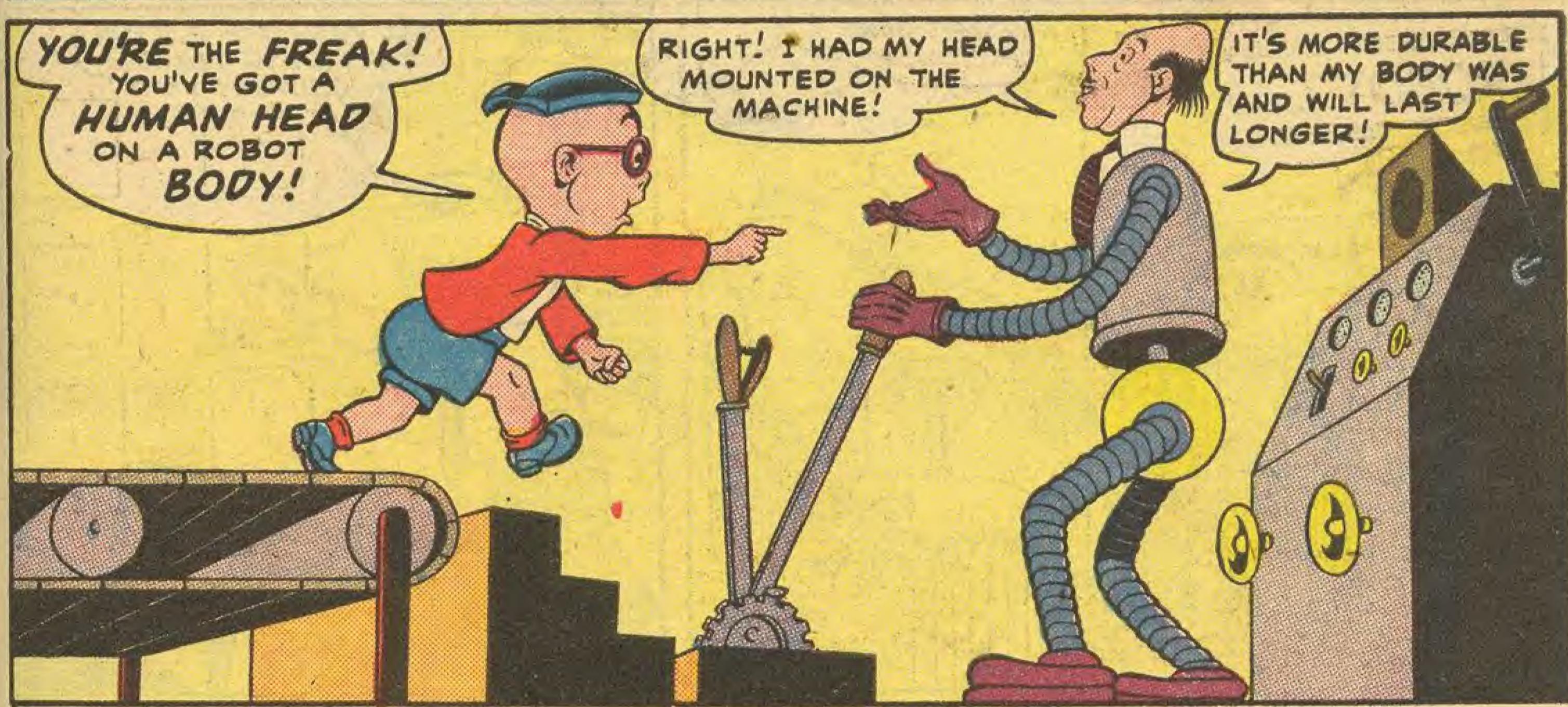
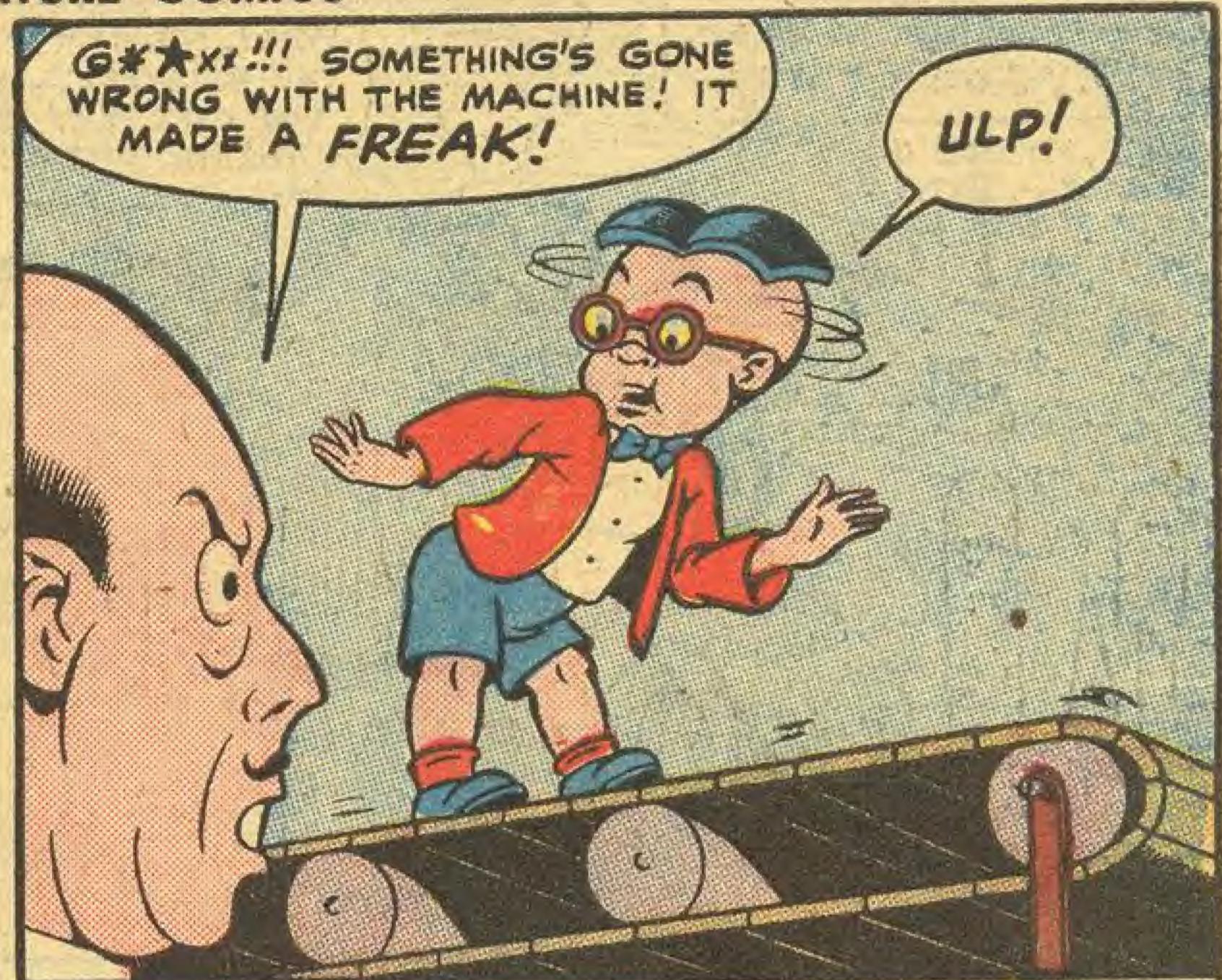
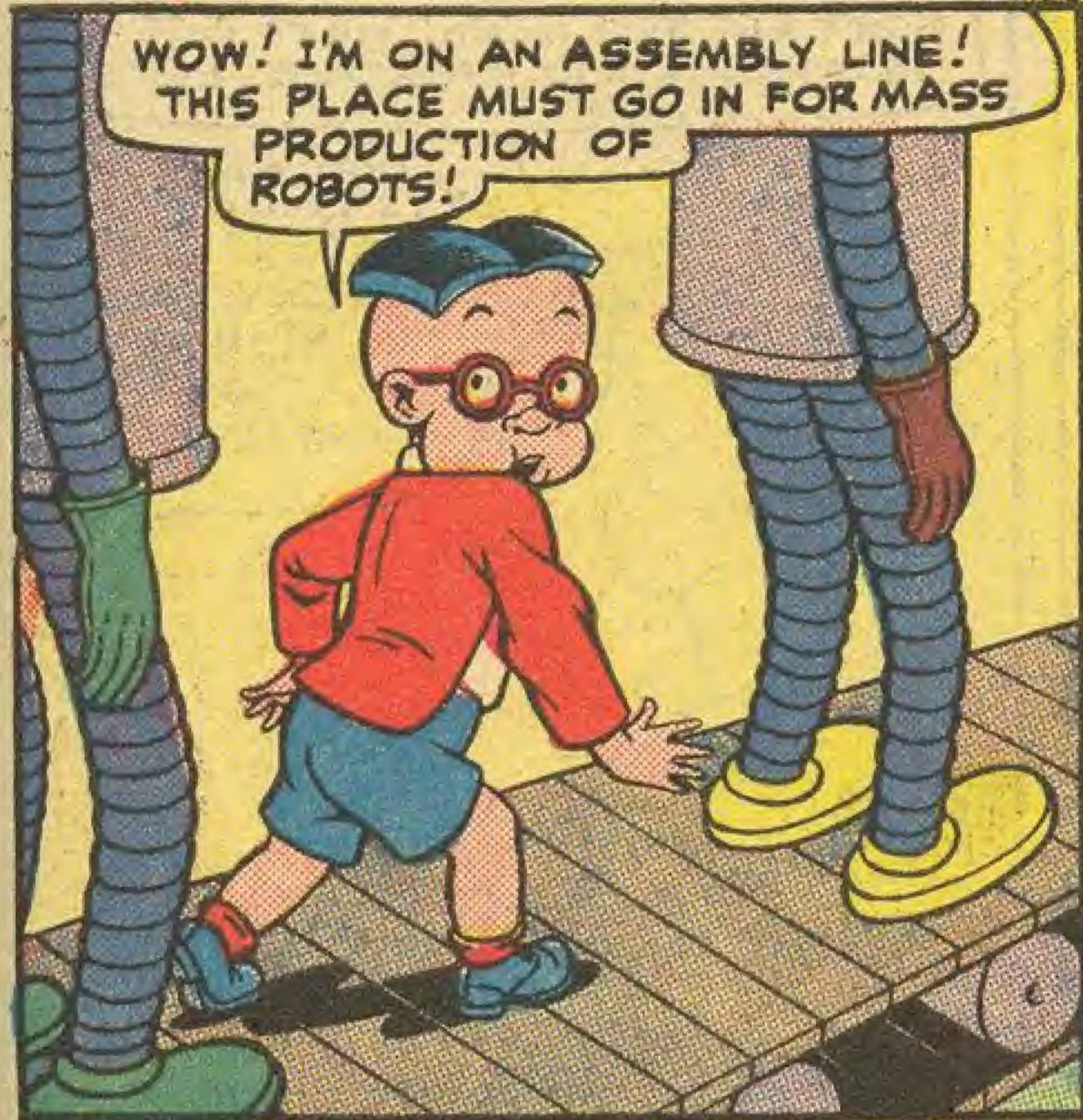
\*!! Lee \*  
#\*#!!? I MUSTA GOT TH' WRONG WAVE LENGTH!

OOK...OCK  
OCKLE-URK!\*

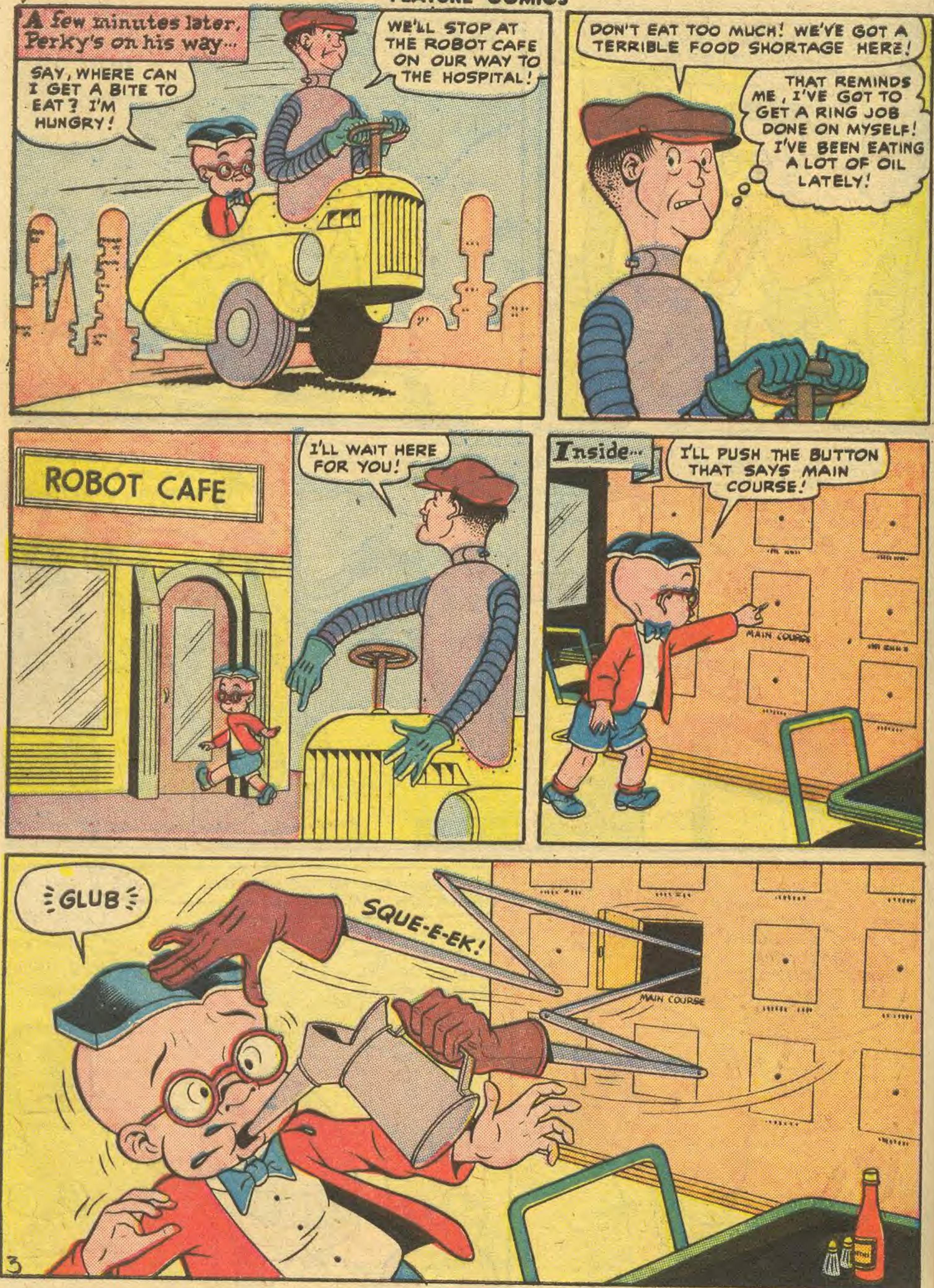
\* TRANSLATION... "ROCK A BYE BABY MA"



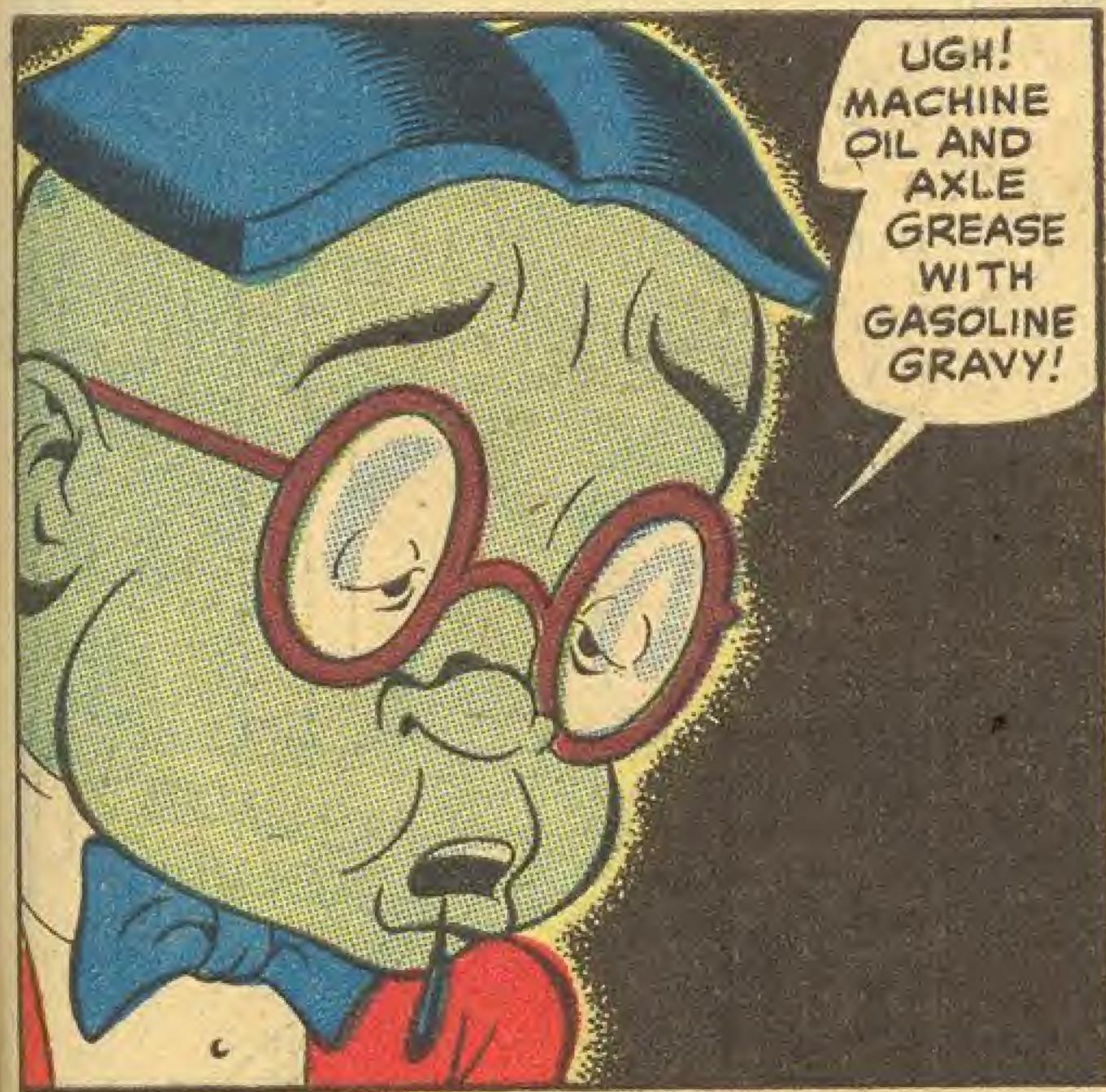
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



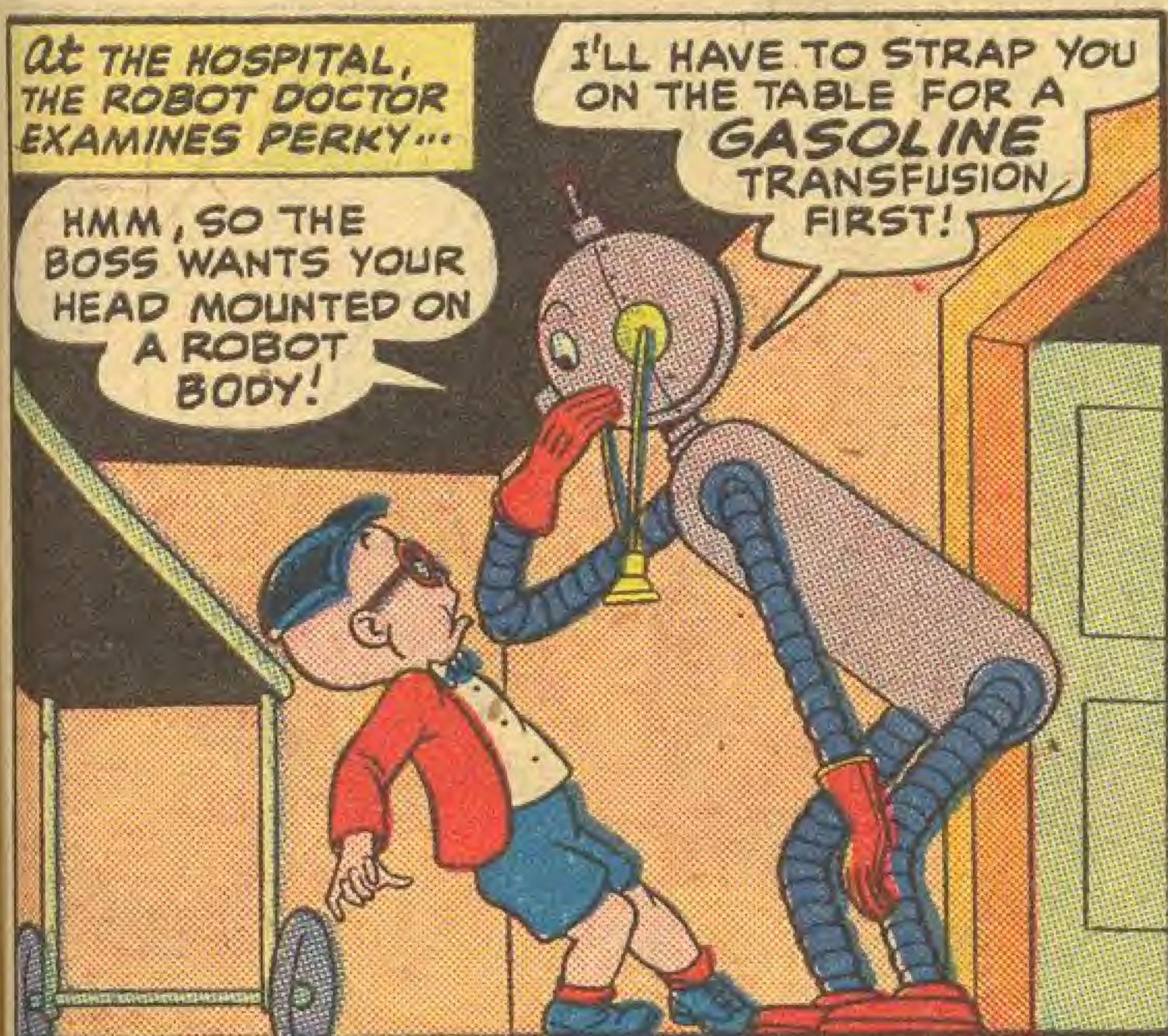
FEATURE COMICS



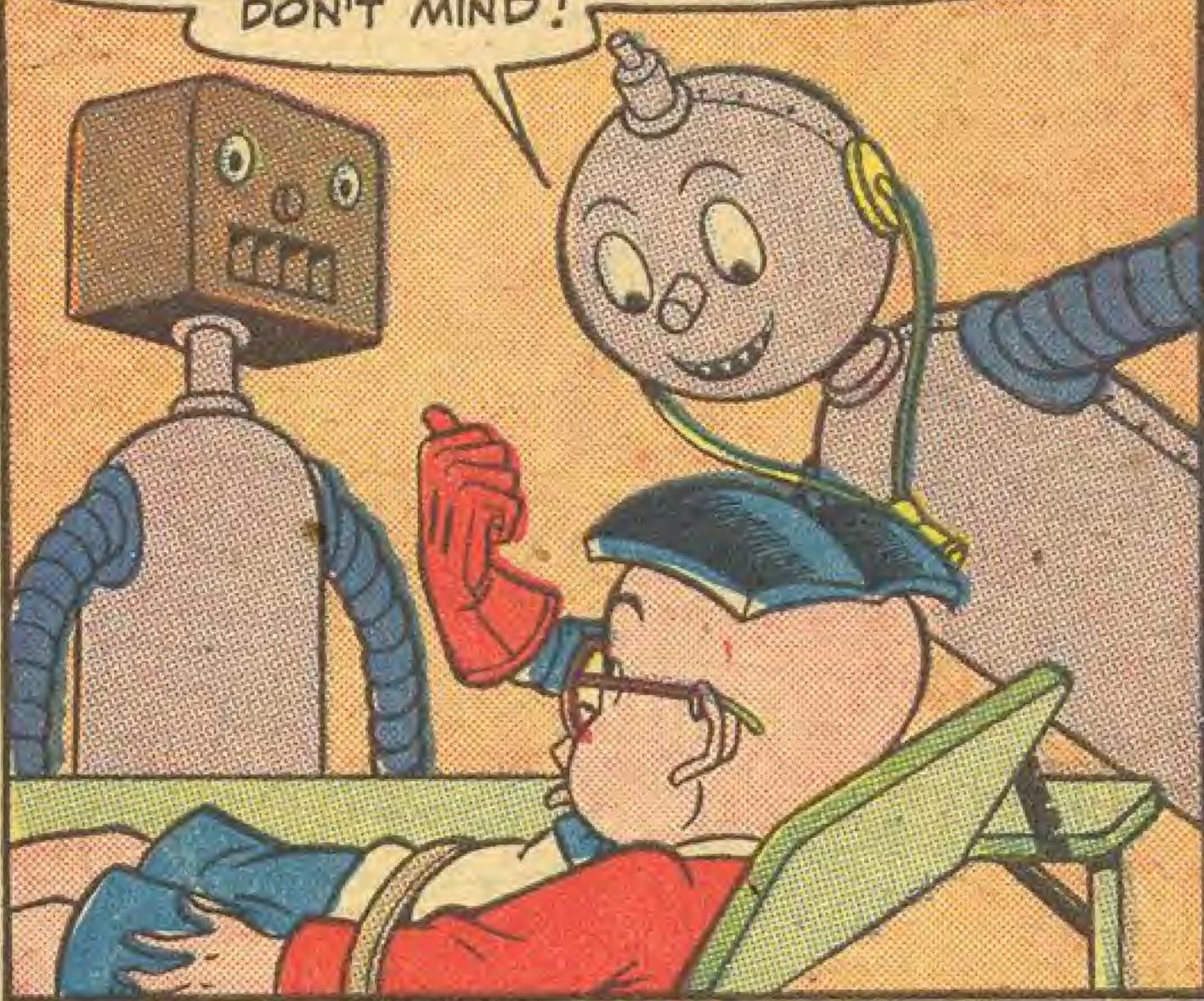
AT THE HOSPITAL,  
THE ROBOT DOCTOR  
EXAMINES PERKY...

I'LL HAVE TO STRAP YOU  
ON THE TABLE FOR A  
**GASOLINE**  
TRANSFUSION  
FIRST!

HMM, SO THE  
BOSS WANTS YOUR  
HEAD MOUNTED ON  
A ROBOT  
BODY!



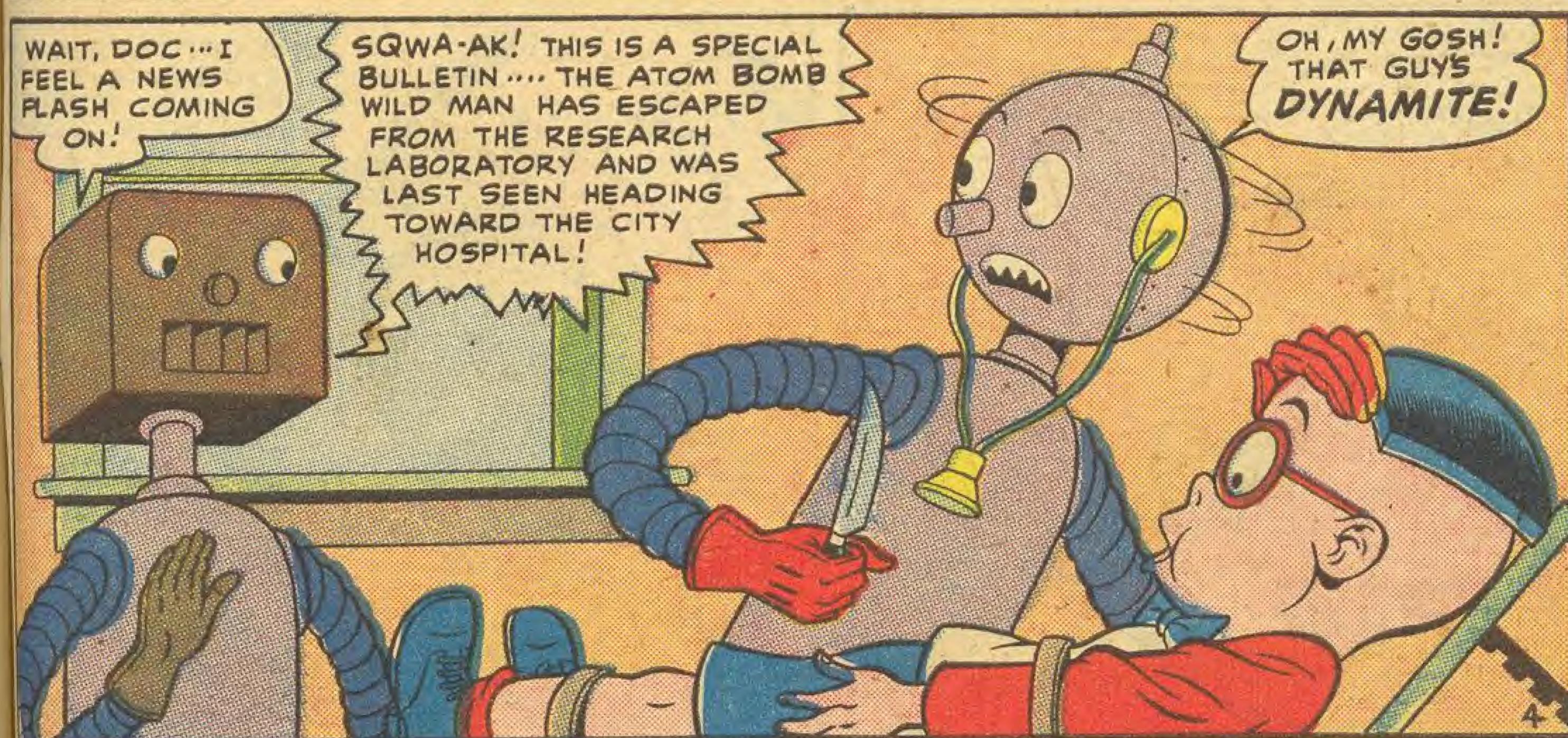
WE'RE SHORT OF NURSES, SO I'M USING  
THIS RADIO MAN! I HOPE YOU  
DON'T MIND!



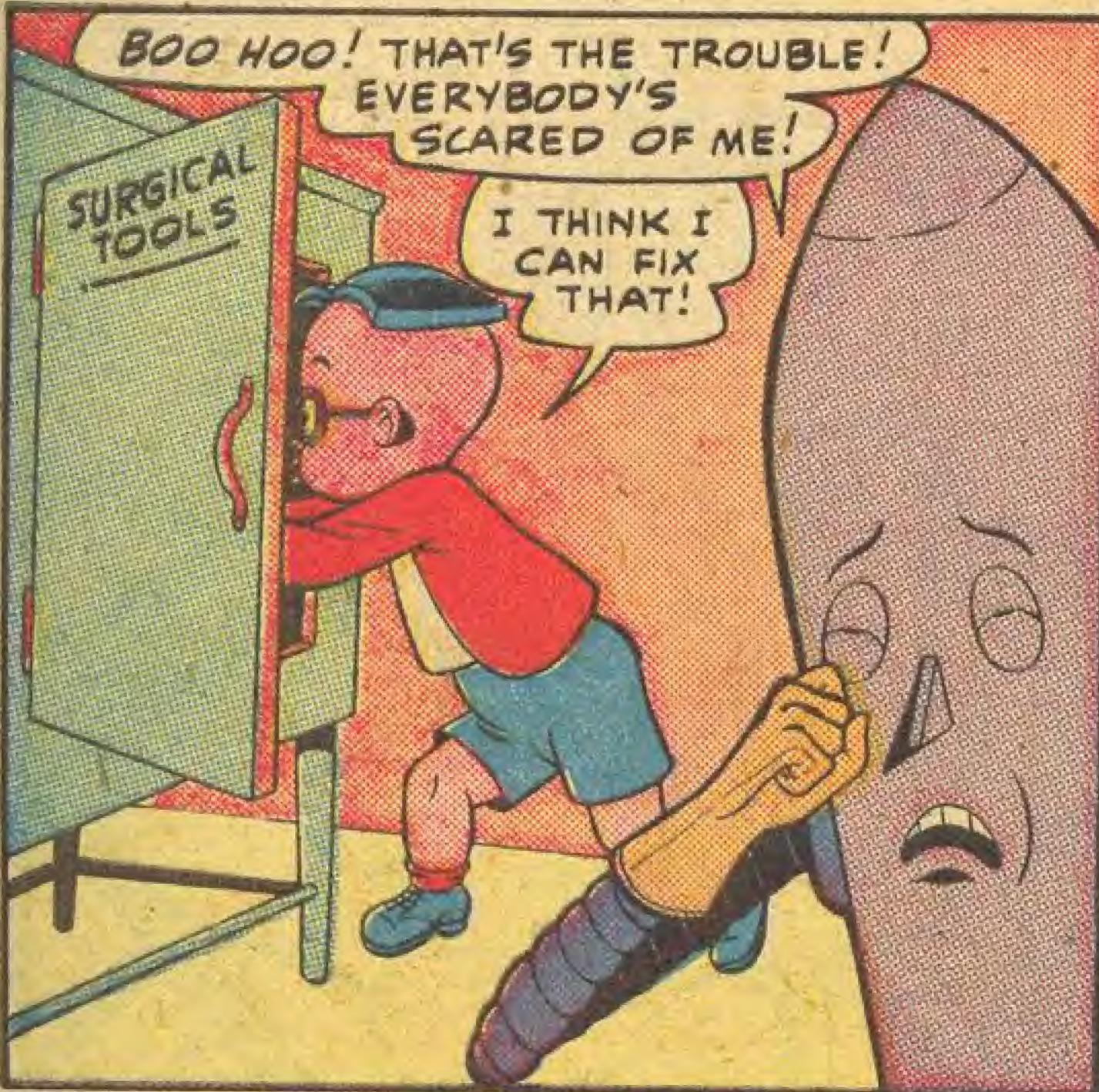
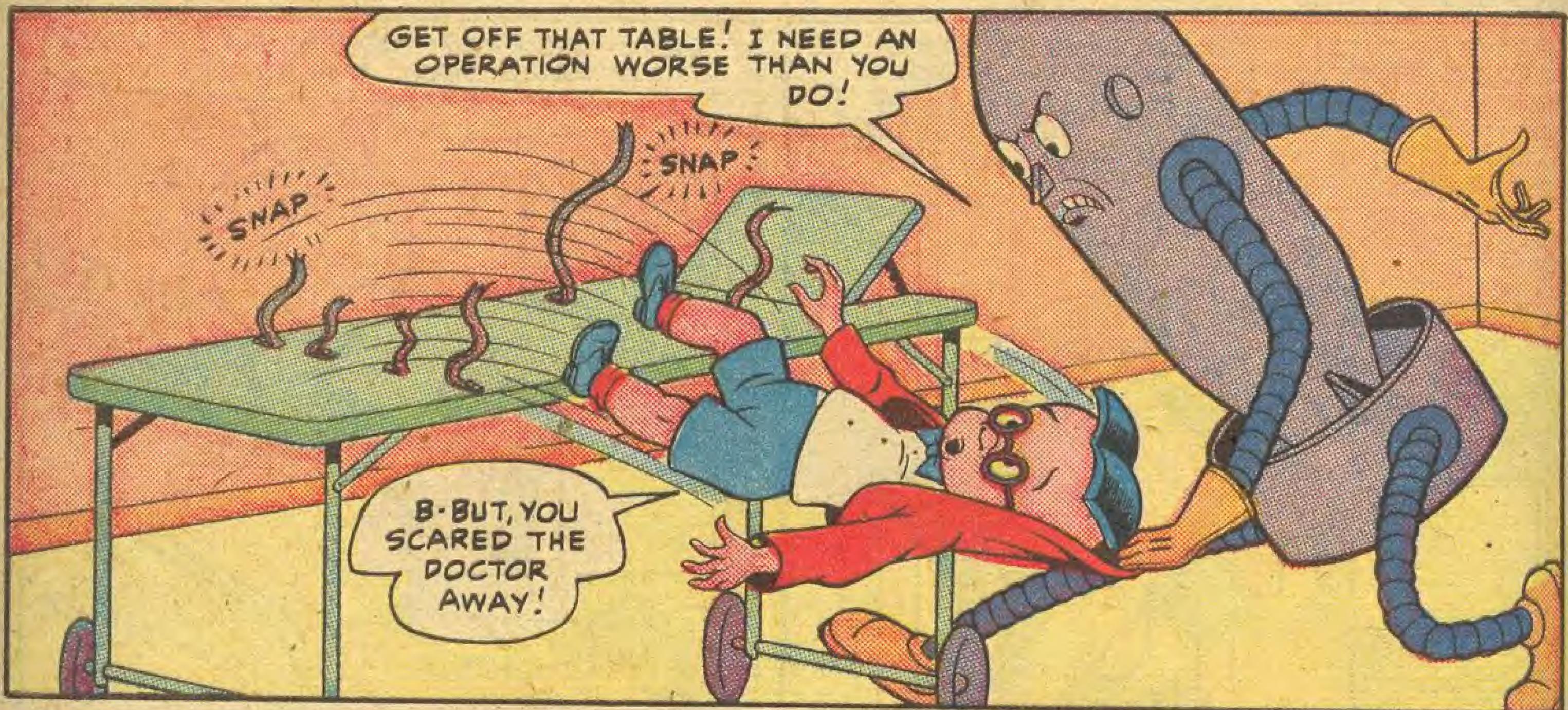
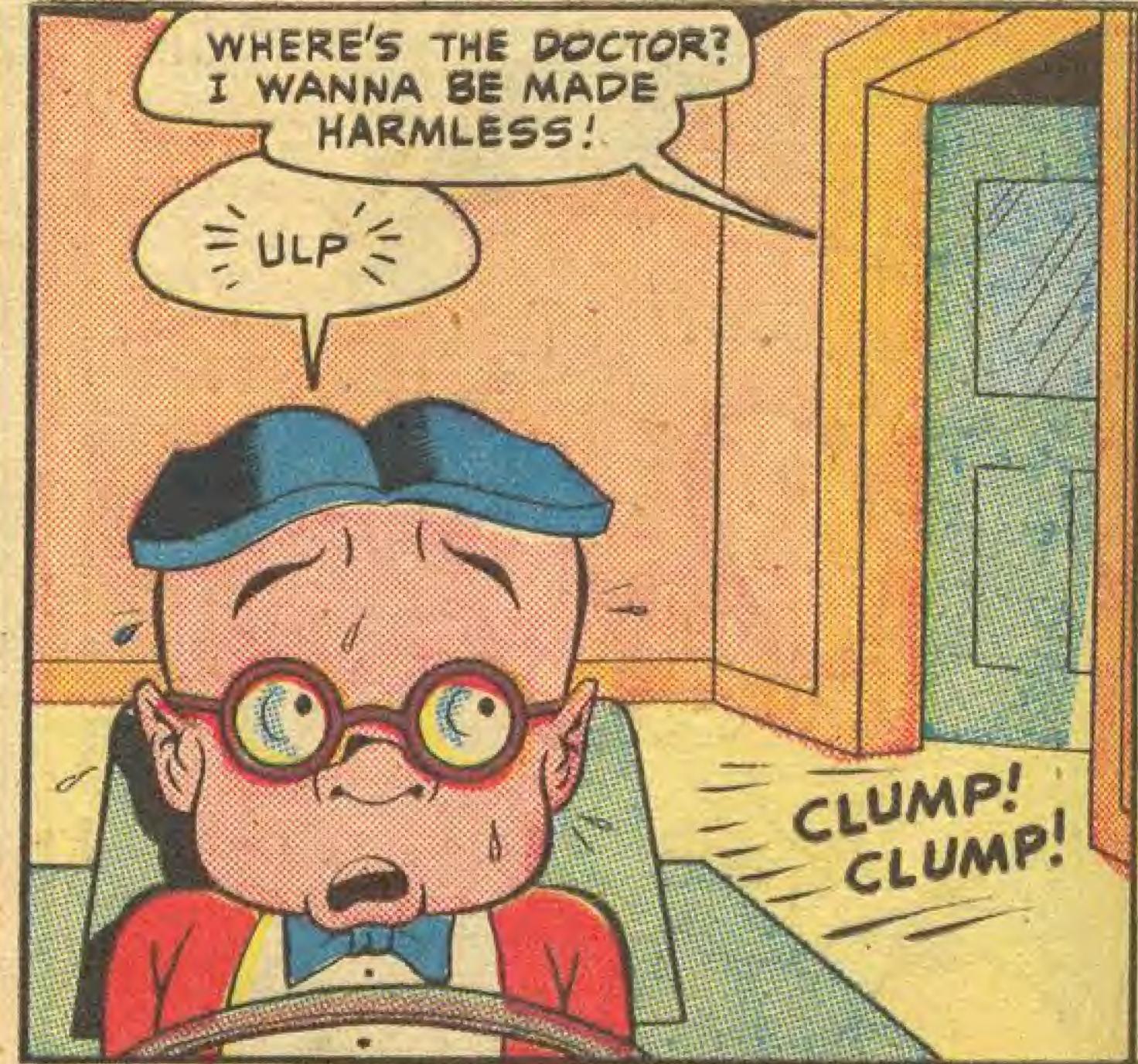
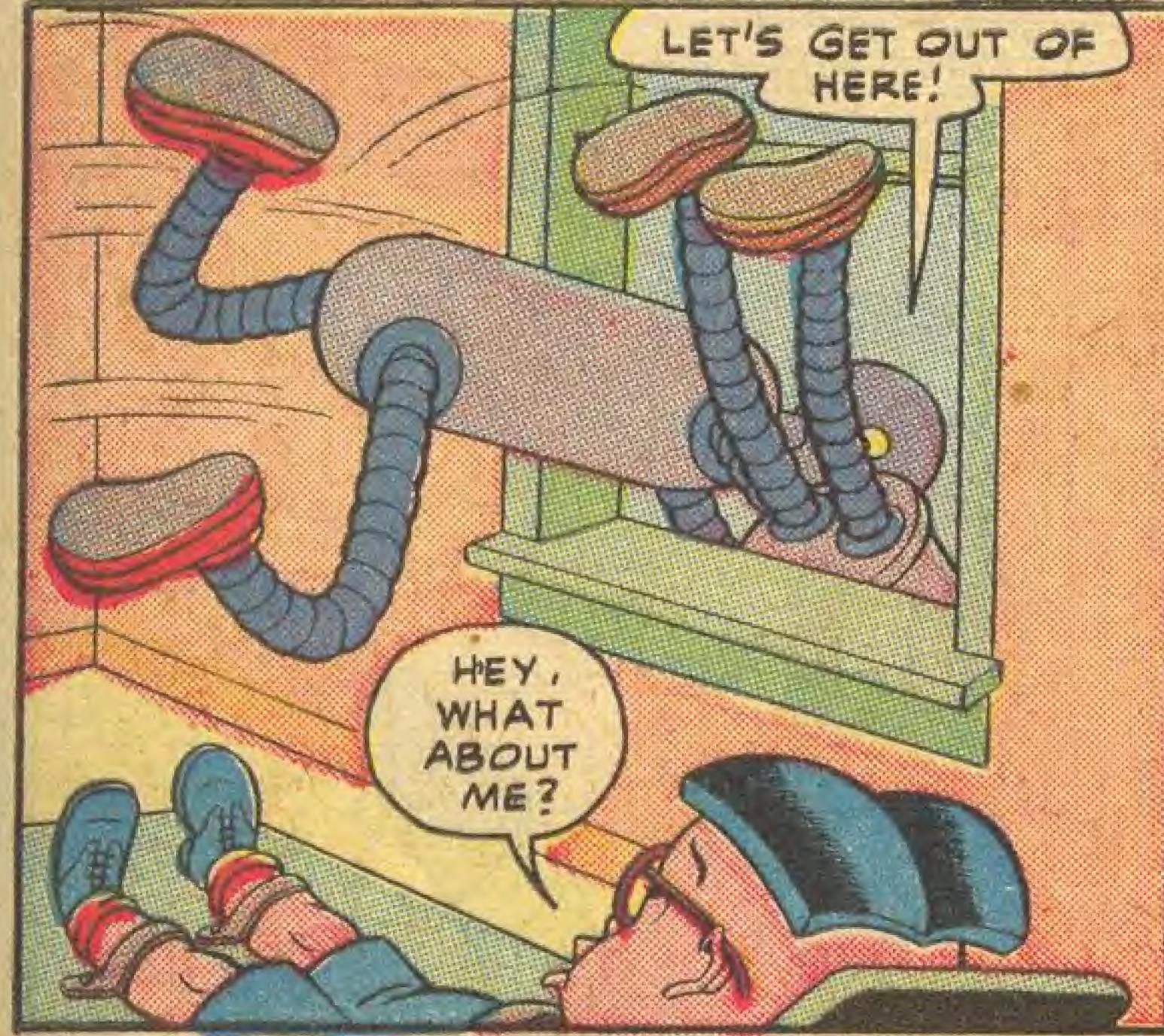
WAIT, DOC... I  
FEEL A NEWS  
FLASH COMING  
ON!

SQWA-AK! THIS IS A SPECIAL  
BULLETIN.... THE ATOM BOMB  
WILD MAN HAS ESCAPED  
FROM THE RESEARCH  
LABORATORY AND WAS  
LAST SEEN HEADING  
TOWARD THE CITY  
HOSPITAL!

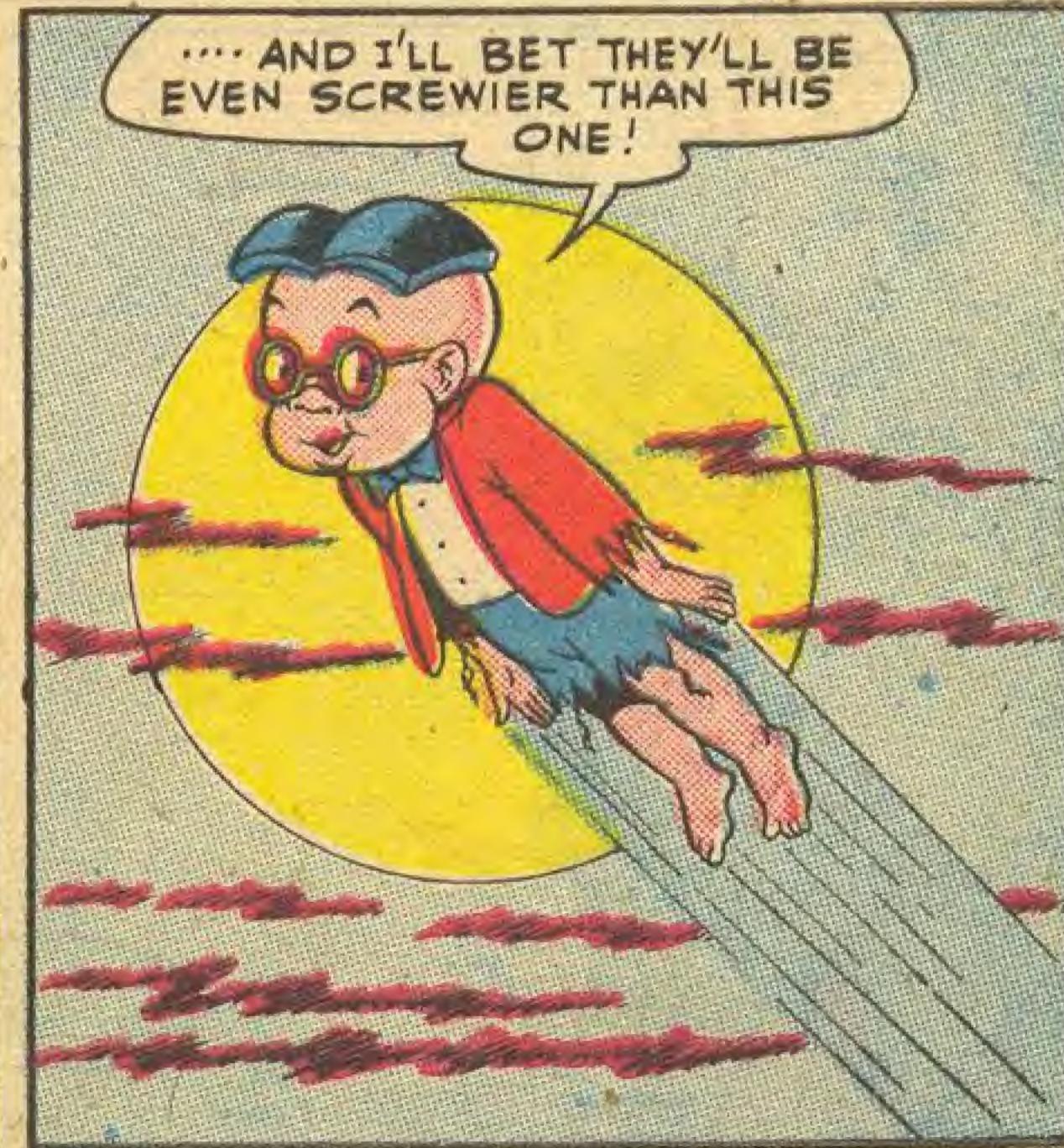
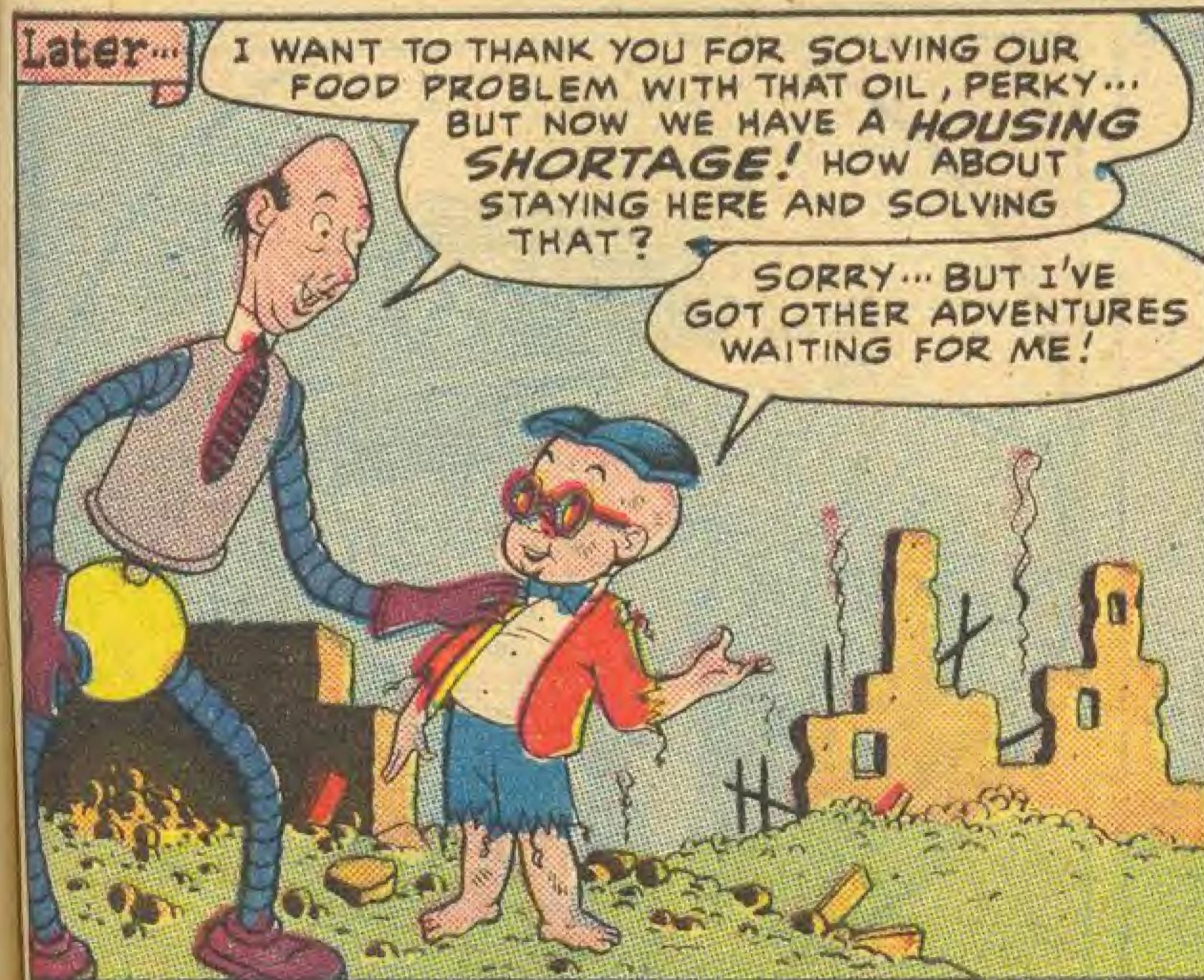
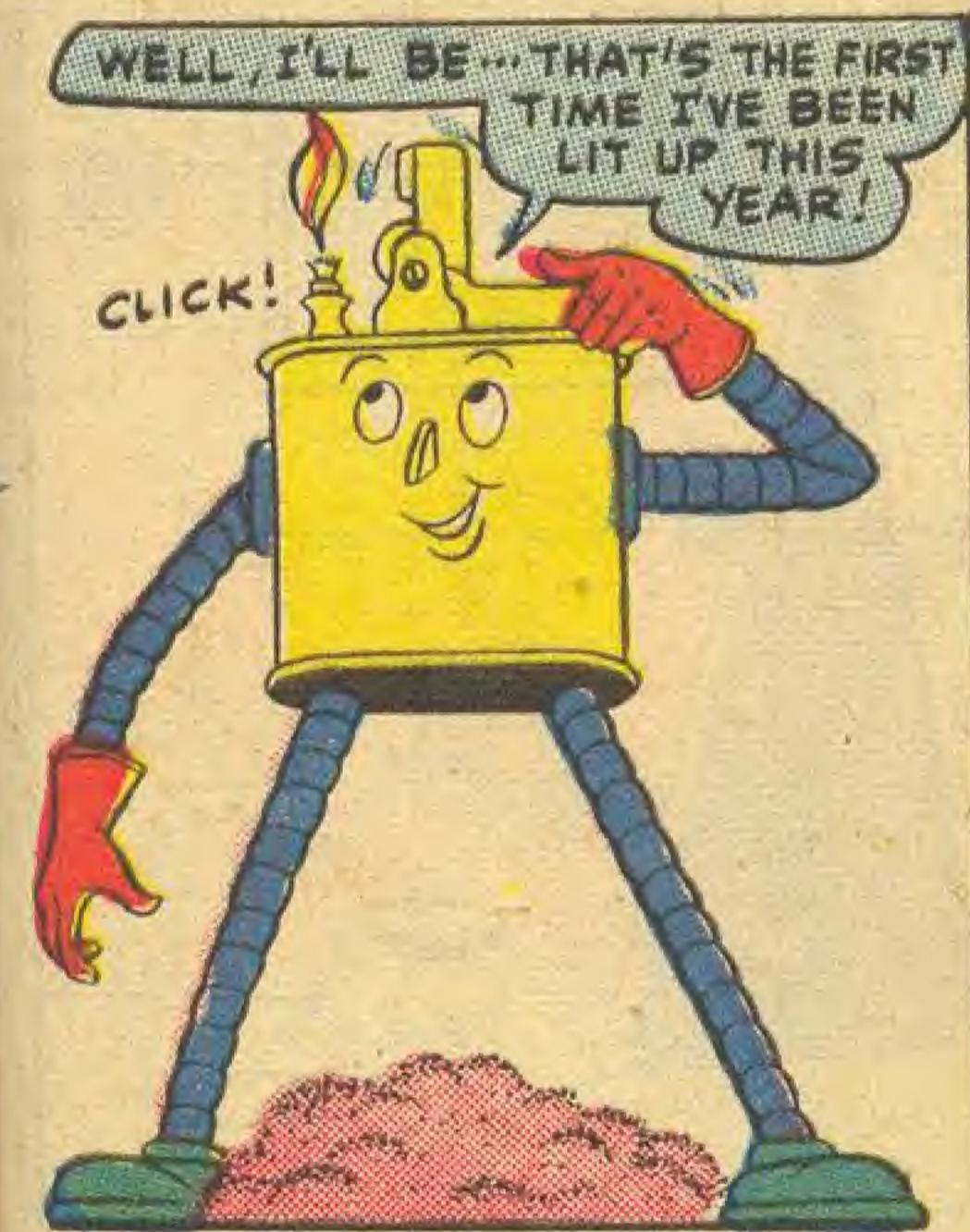
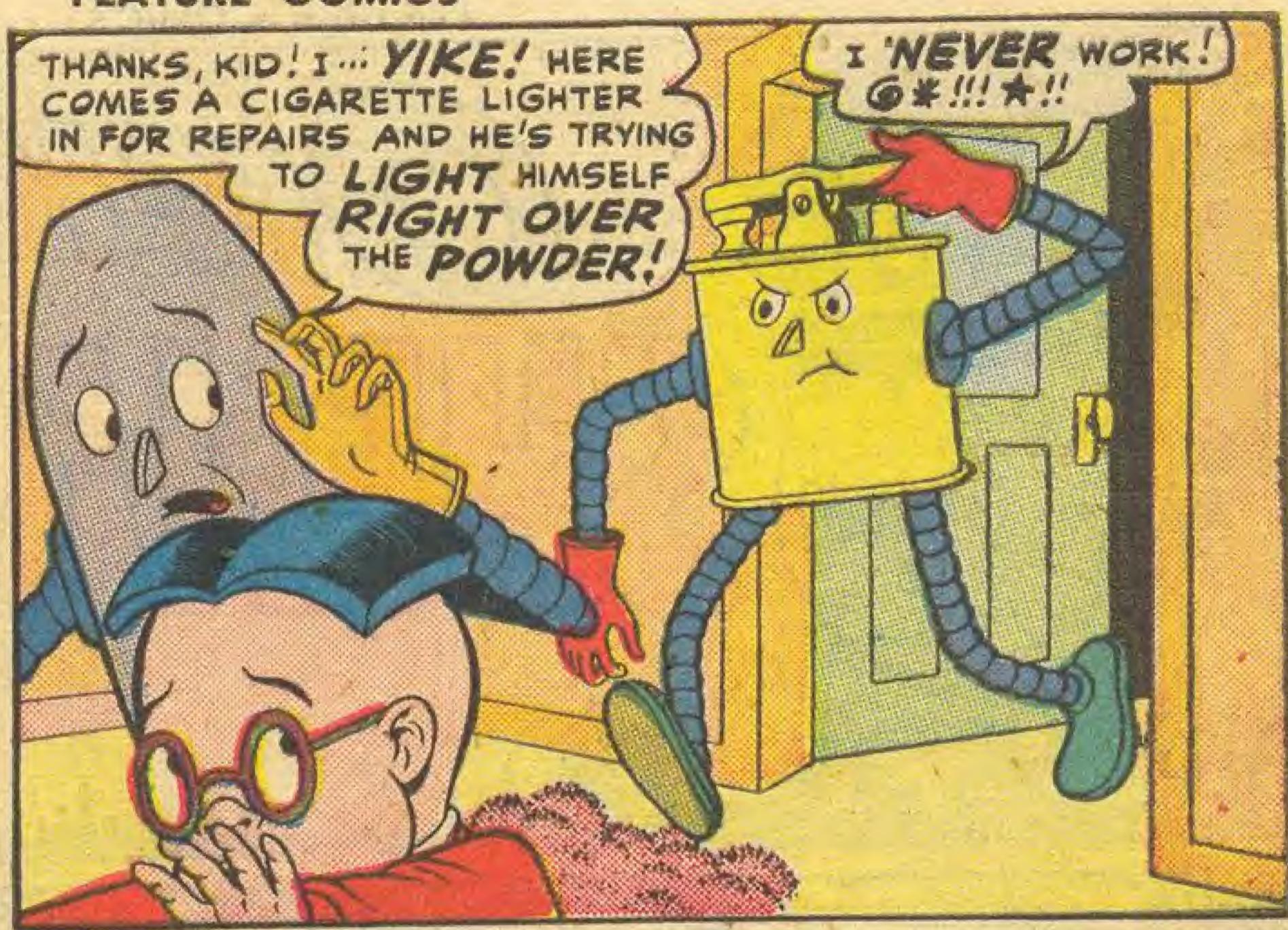
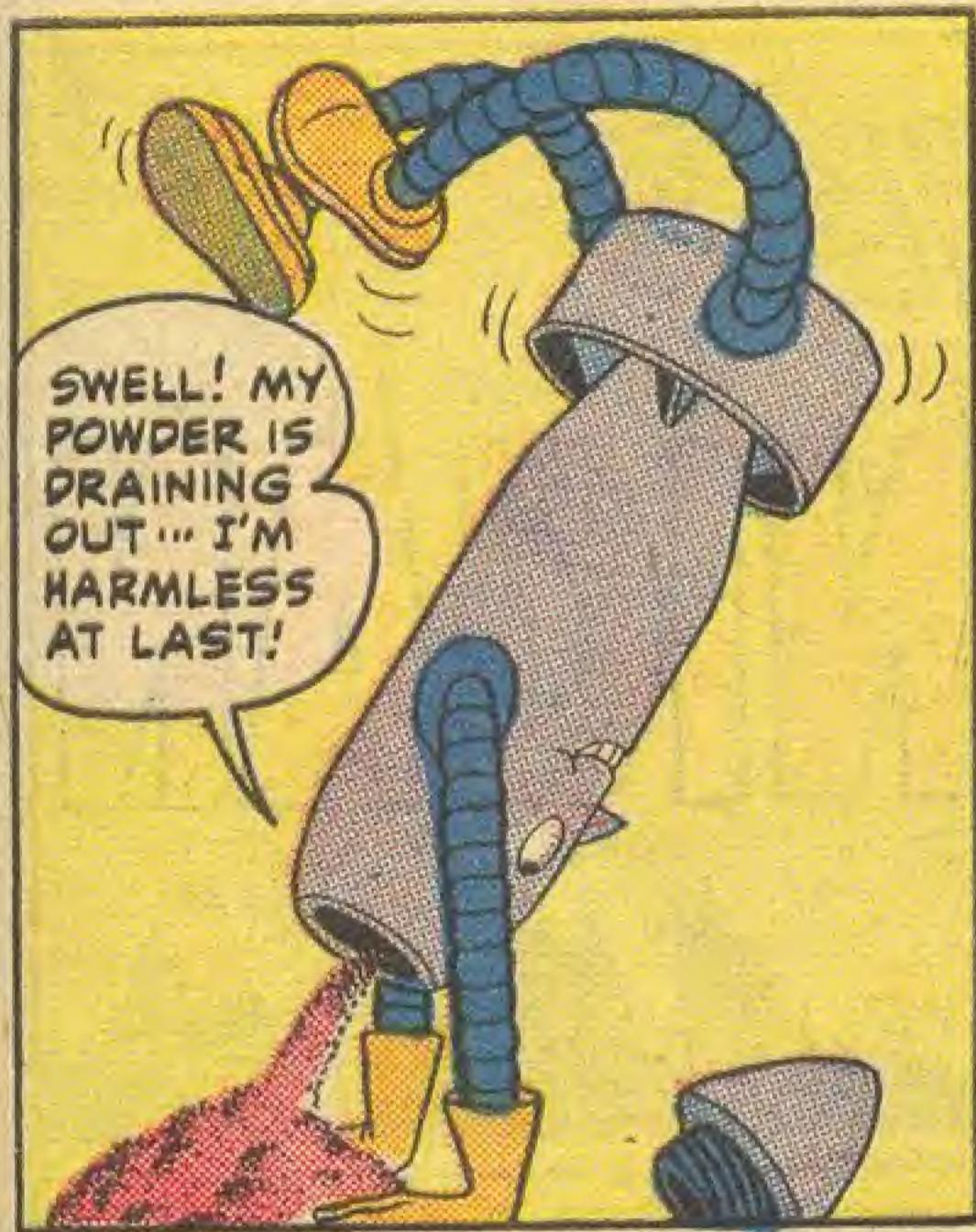
OH, MY GOSH!  
THAT GUY'S  
**DYNAMITE!**



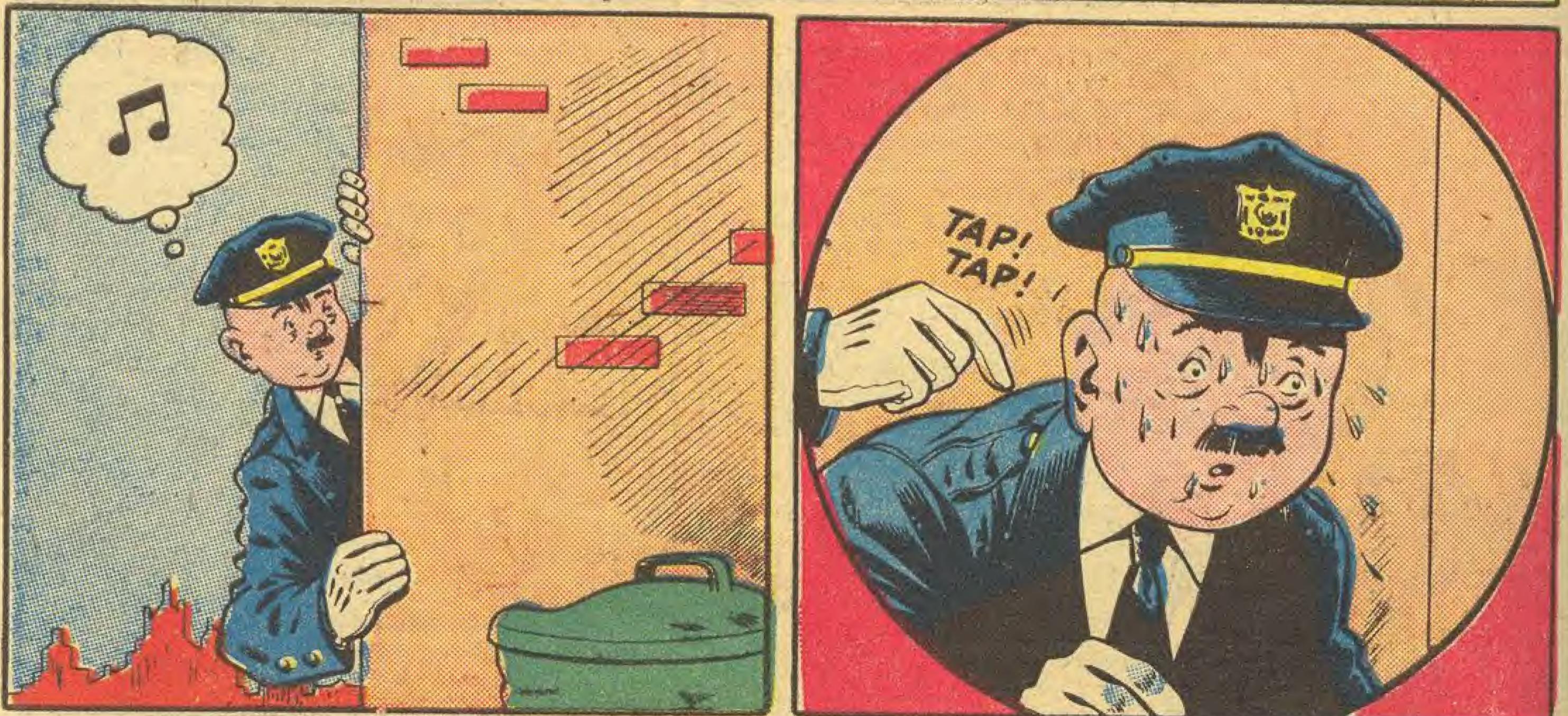
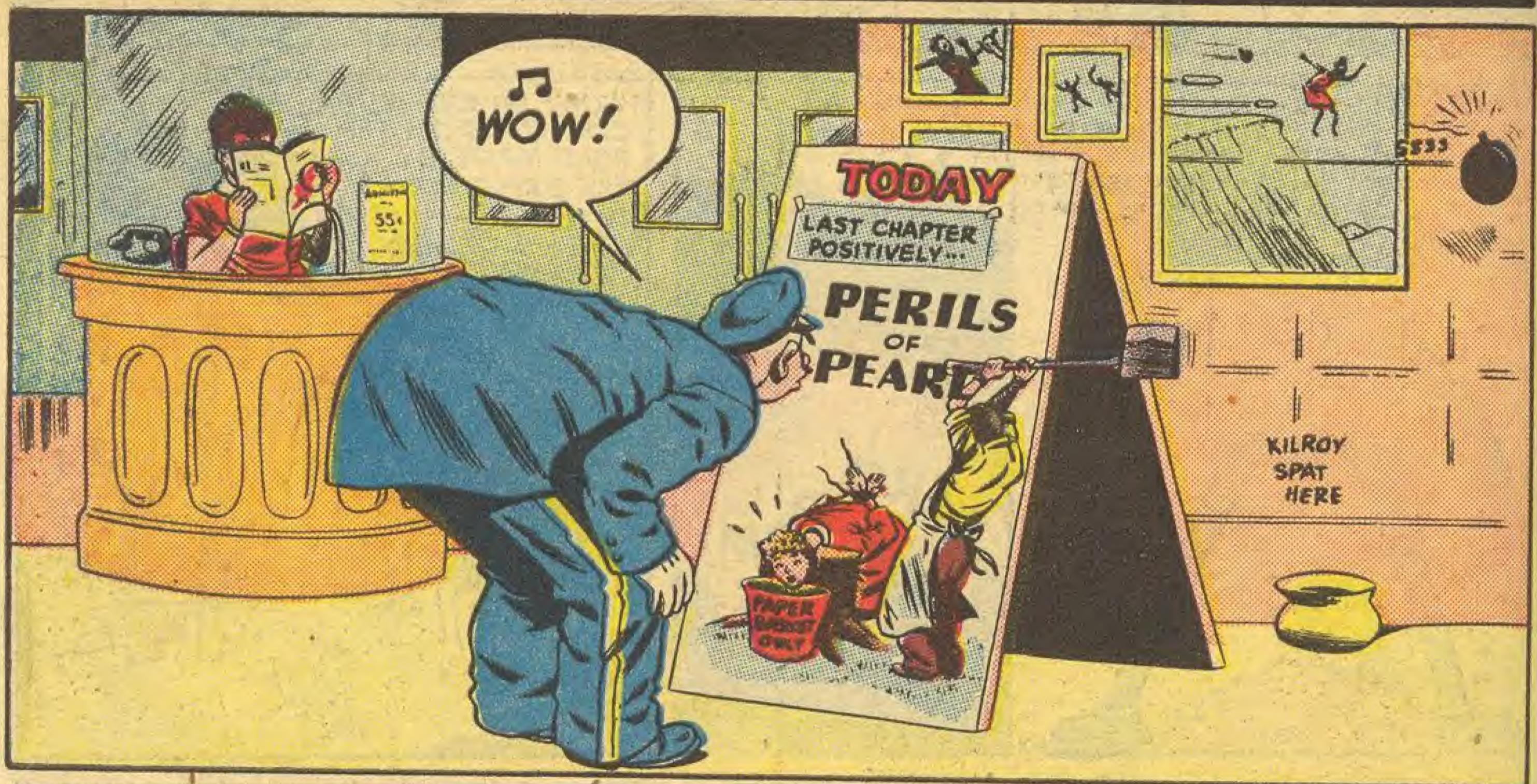
FEATURE COMICS

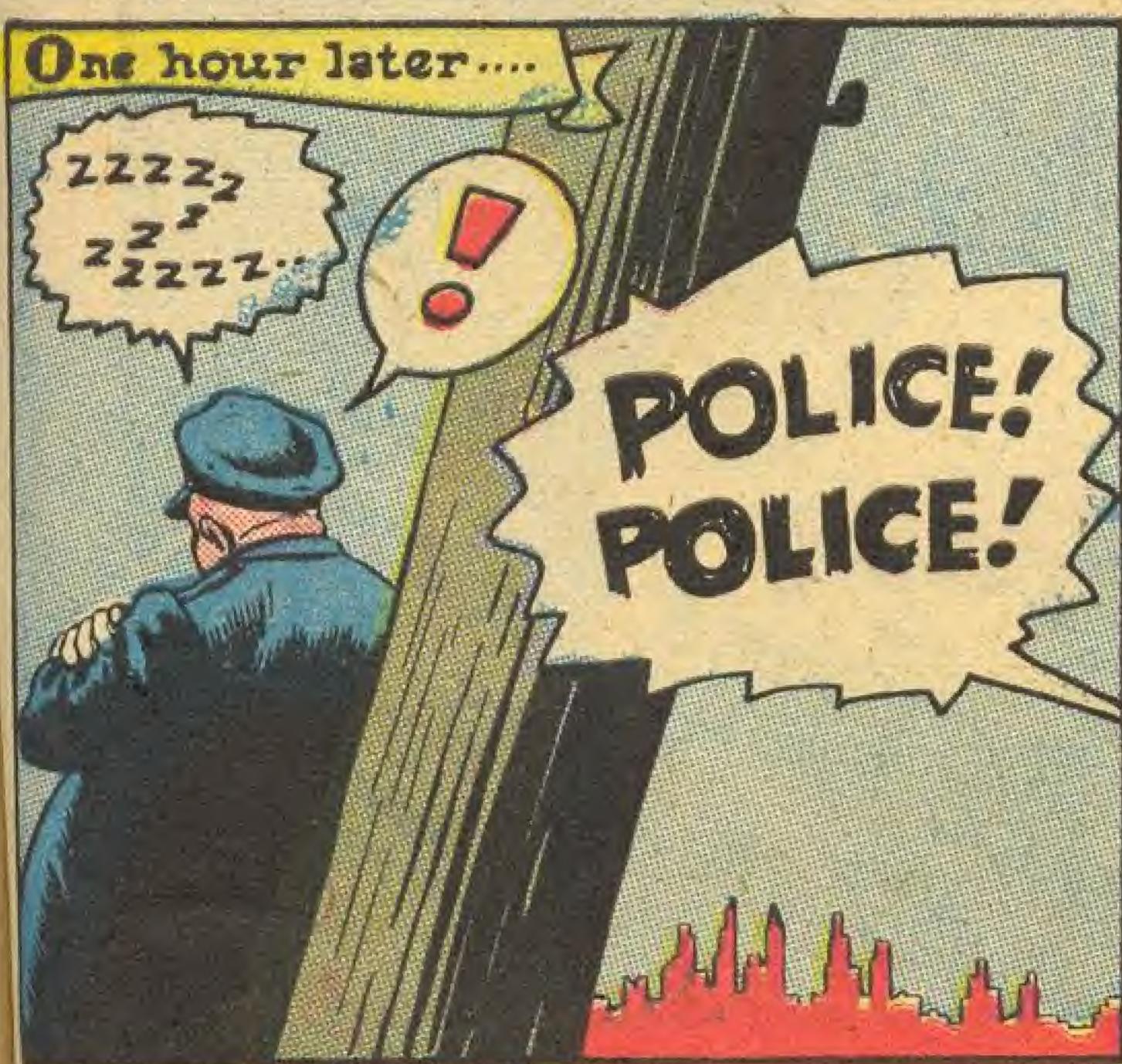


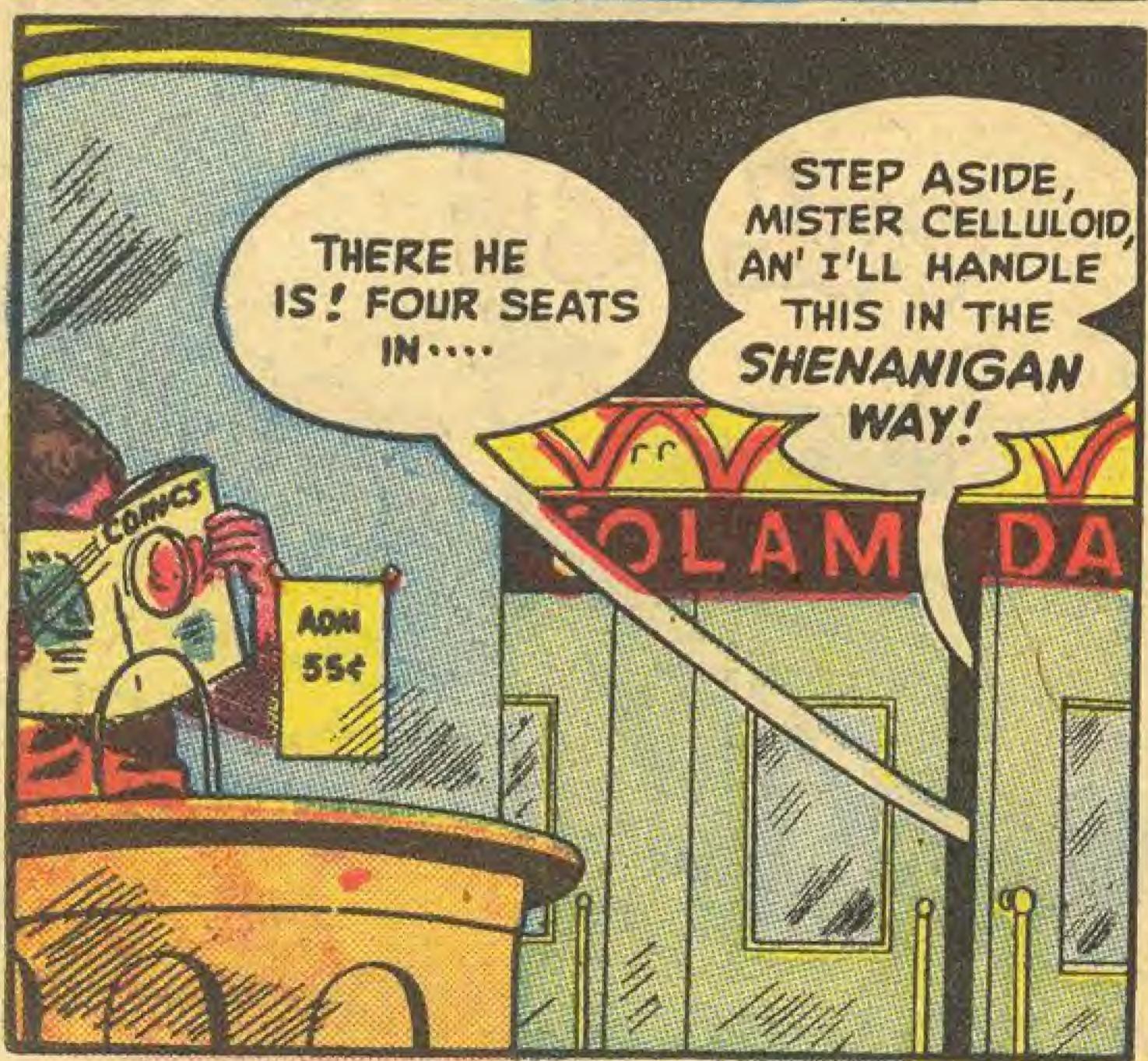
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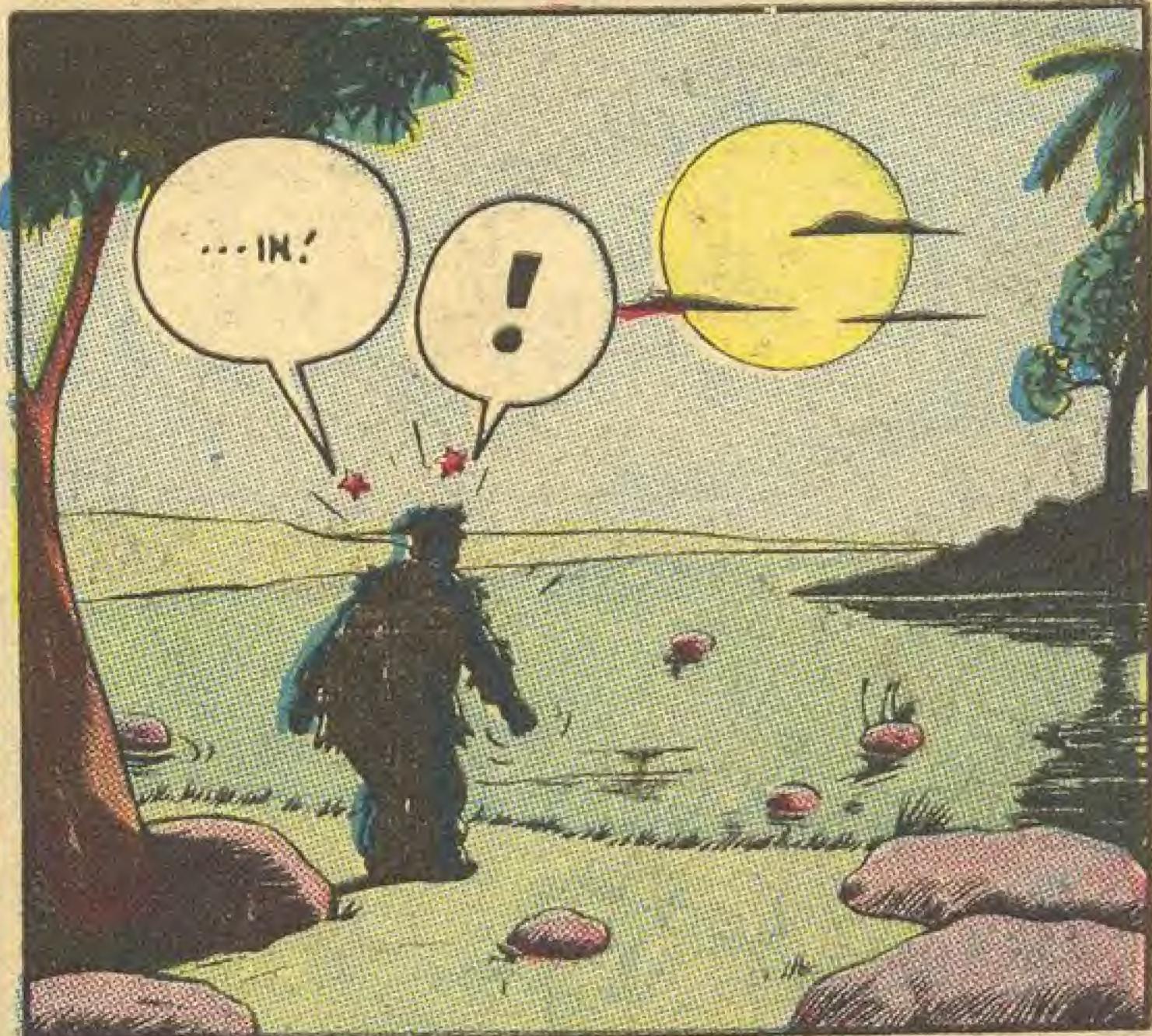
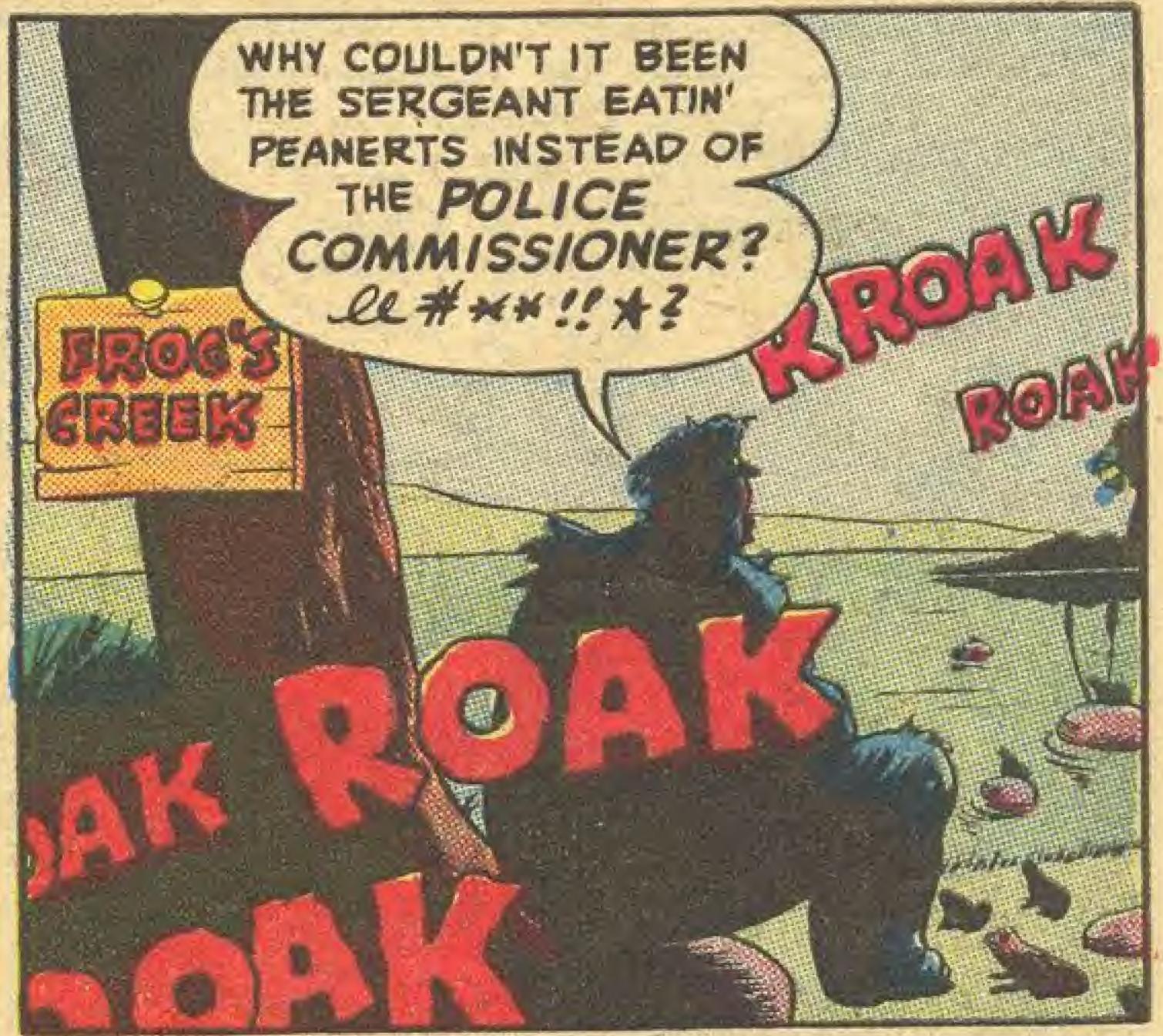
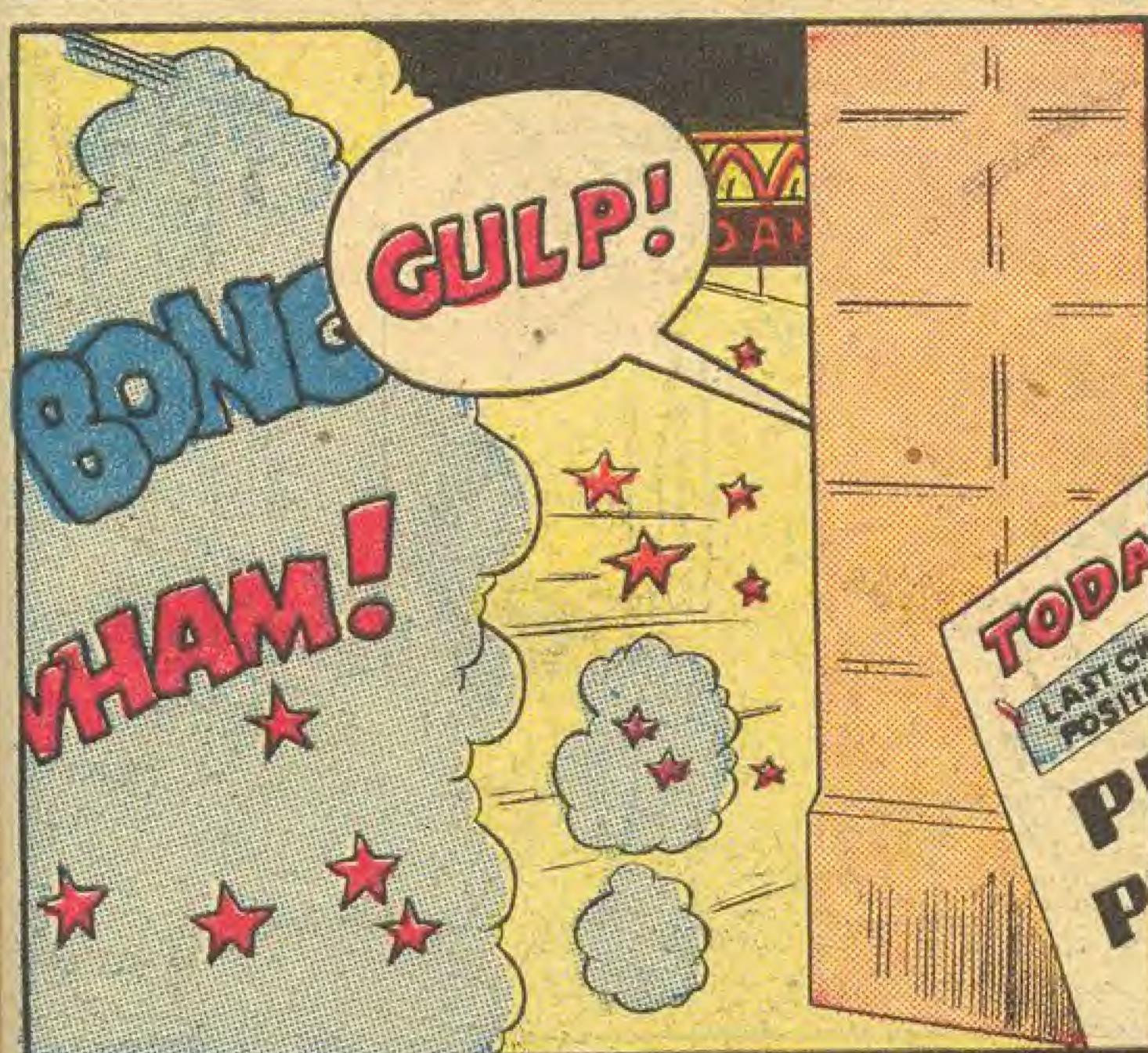
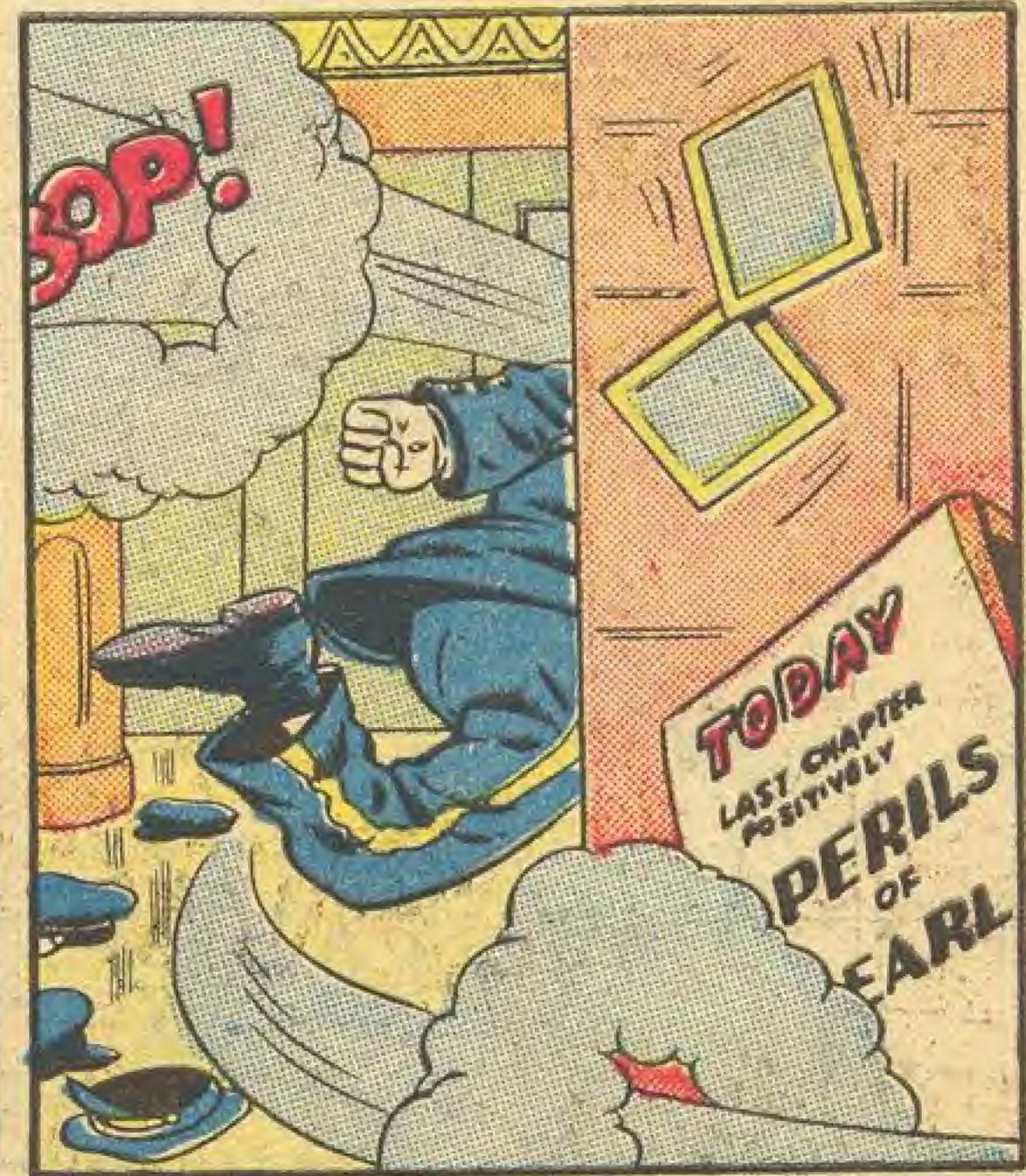
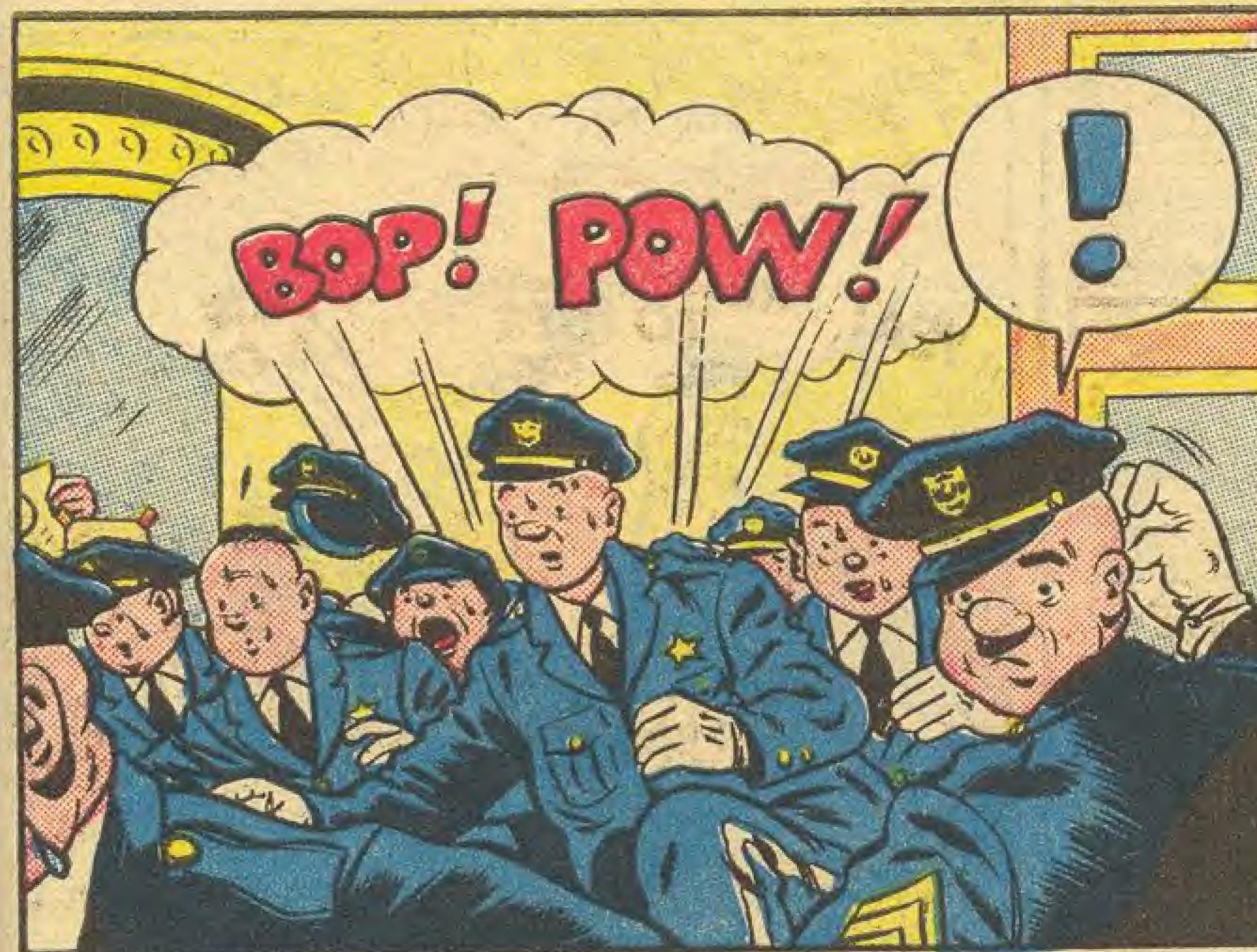


# OFFICER SHENANIGAN



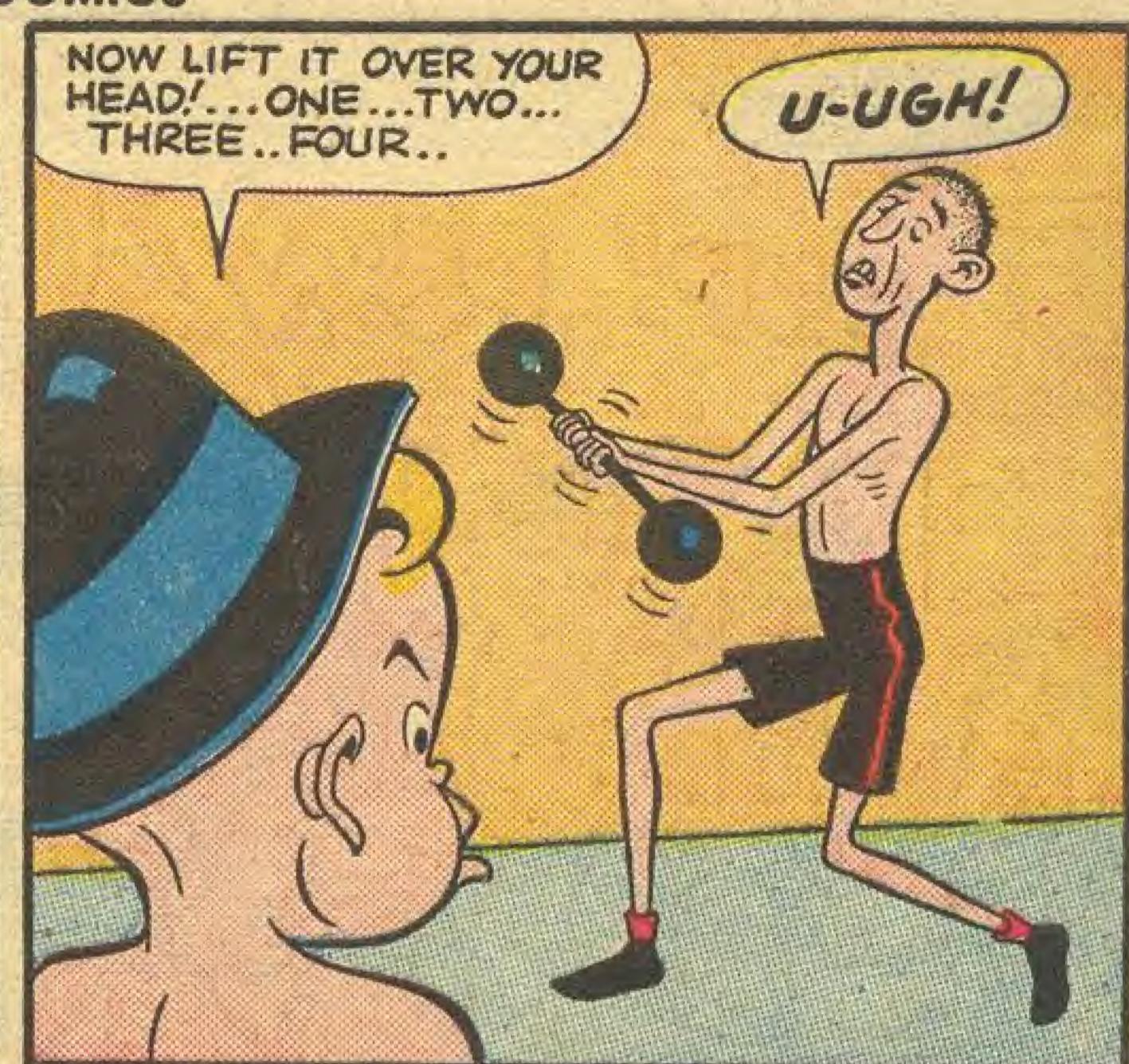
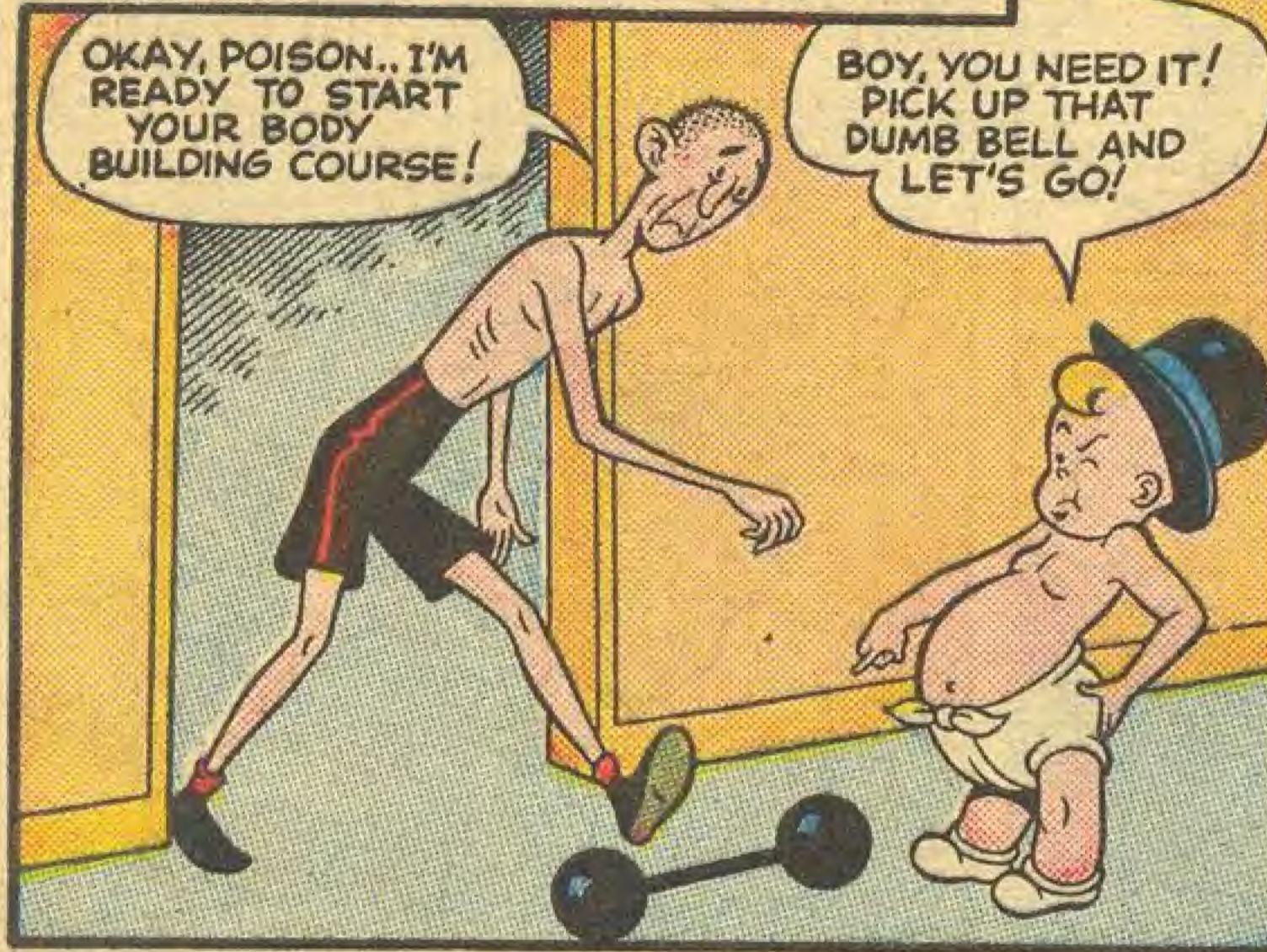




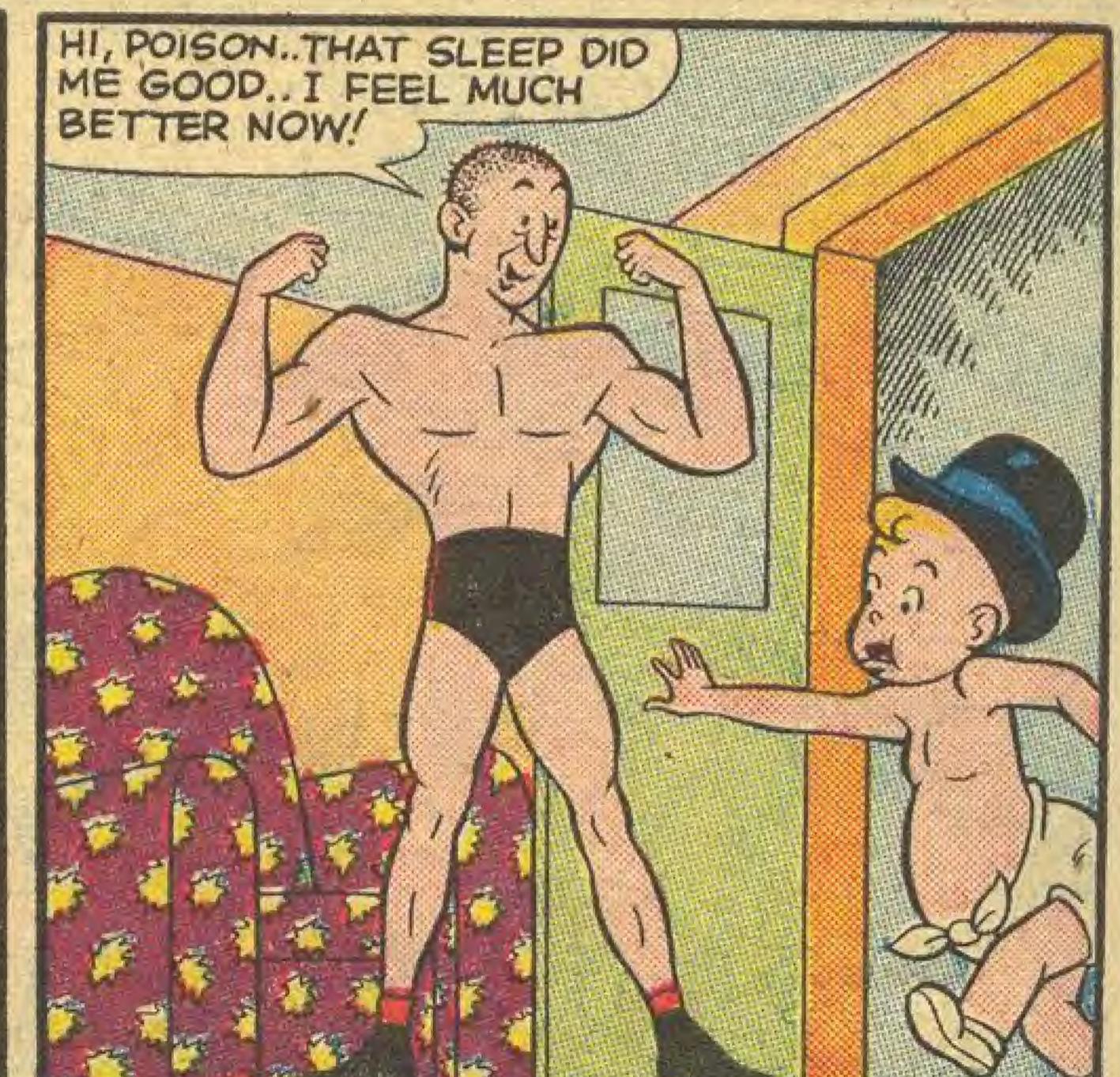
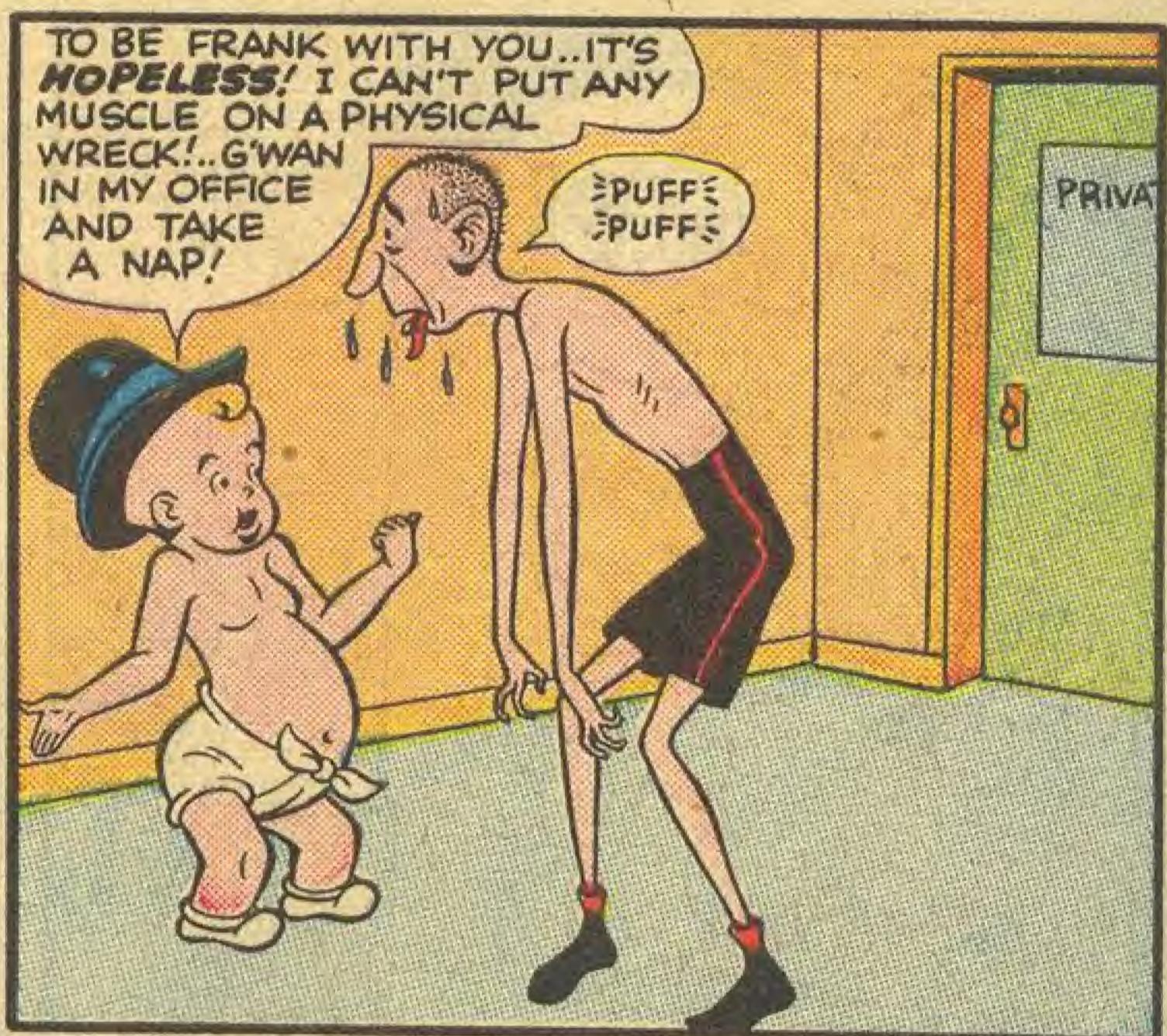
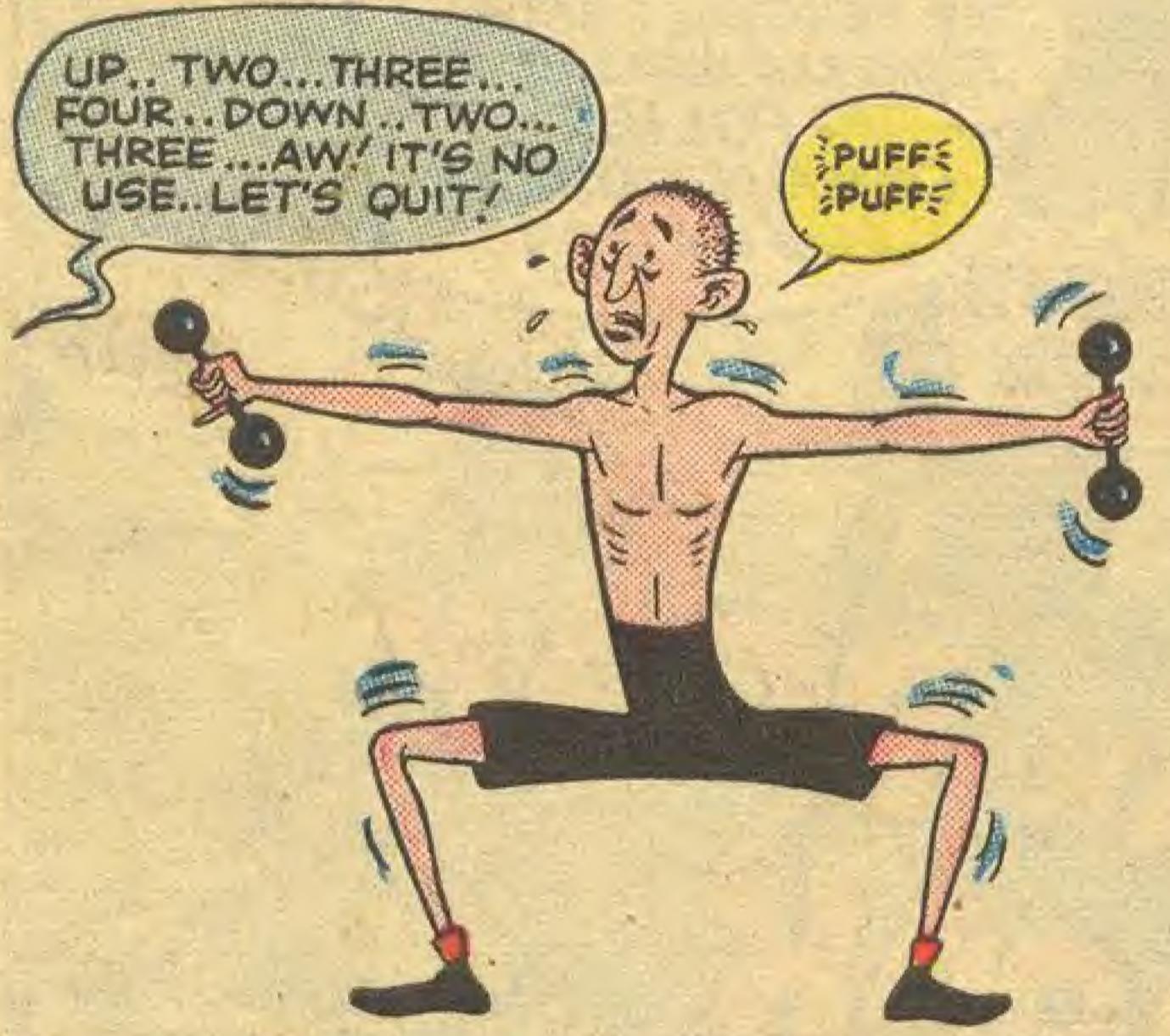


FEATURE COMICS

**POISON IVY**



SIX HOURS LATER...



**BOYS!**  
**GIRLS!**

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DOGS, SOLDIERS—ANYTHING—  
THIS EASY NEW WAY!*

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SUPER INDIAN  
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Charles  
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Name ..... Age .....  
(Please print or write plainly)

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